McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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MRS. DENNISON COMMITS SUICIDE ON WEDNESDAY

Shot Herself With 22-calibre Rifle Yesterday Morning.

DEATH INSTANTANEOUS!

Investigation of Her Husband's Death the Supposed Motive for Self-Destruction.

LETTER AND KNIFE FOUND ON BODY

Detective Had Found Clues—An Arrest Would Probably Have Followed Soon—Bullet Entered Mouth, Passed Through Brain and Lodged in Ceiling—Brief History of Case.

The news that Mrs. Dennison, widow of the late J. C. Dennison, who died under such peculiar circumstances last September, had committed suicide by shooting herself created a sensation yesterday morning. The news reached this borough about 8 o'clock through a telephone call for a doctor to come to the Pleasant Valley dairy at once.

More detailed reports proved the first to be true in every particular. Shortly after 7 o'clock Mrs. Dennison, who had been living with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Welch, since the death of her husband, went across the road to the residence of John O. Dodge, on the pretense of looking over some goods she had stored in a vacant room in the Dodge house. She came into a kitchen through a wash room or shed in the rear of the house, and after asking Mrs. Dodge's permission left the room. Mrs. Dodge went into the dining room when she heard a sound as if someone had fallen. She went back to the kitchen and upon opening the door leading into the shed found Mrs. Dennison lying upon the shed floor and a small rifle lying across her breast. She hurried to the Welch home and told Mr. and Mrs. Welch what had happened. They hastened to the side of their mother where they found that she had been shot and in all probability was dead.

Medical aid was summoned, however, and Dr. Hamilton responded. He made an examination and found that she had placed the muzzle of the rifle in her mouth, holding it close to her body, and pulled the trigger. The bullet took an upward course, passing through the front part of the brain and came out through her forehead, close to the edge of her hair, and that death was probably instantaneous.

In looking for the bullet Dr. Hamilton found a 32-calibre bullet lodged in the ceiling of the room, and at this time it was supposed that the deed had been committed with a weapon of that size, although the weapon found upon her body was only a 22-calibre. It was afterwards learned that the larger bullet had been in the ceiling a long time.

Coroner Hall was notified and arrived from Bradford on the 1:15 p. m. train. In company with Constable Jones and the detective who has been on the case he drove to the Dodge farm and viewed the surroundings, and after a careful investigation they decided that a coroner's inquest was not necessary. During this investigation they found that the bullet did not fit the rifle, but after a diligent search they found a bullet on the floor which corresponded with the calibre of the rifle. The rifle she used was a small 22-calibre belonging to her son, Freddie, which she had carried from the Welch home concealed under her clothing, and was loaded with a 22-long cartridge.

The dead woman was neatly attired in black, which shows that she intended committing the terrible deed when she arose and dressed. In her corsage was found an ordinary silver plated table knife and a sealed letter addressed "Children." The letter was written with a lead pencil on an ordinary sheet of writing paper and the wording of the letter and penmanship would indicate that she was very nervous and her mind severely troubled. The letter reads, verbatim, as follows:

> do not blame the Children
> for they are not no one but
> me help them all to bear
> their trouble God knows they
> are all good Children
> and loved their dear Father
> be good to Freddie for he
> has no Father or Mother
> Monroe and Eber will you
> both be a Father to him
> Bessie and Mittie will you be
> a Mother to him
> no one know or done any thing
> about it but myself
> it was my own hands that
> did it. the children are innocent
> use them well for Jim's
> sake he loved all of his children
> from their Mother

On the back of the sheet was the following:

> Children forgive me
> if you can

Some time after Mrs. Dennison's death her daughter, Mrs. Welch, found the following letter on the dresser in her mother's room:

> Eber and Mittie
> If I die will you
> give Freddie the
> Seven hundred and
> fifty Dollars that was
> mine and be good to
> him and try and bring
> him up in the fear
> of the Lord this is
> your poor heart broken
> mother request
> be good to him

A letter of warning was undoubtedly sent Mrs. Dennison, which in all probability aided in nerving the unfortunate woman to a point where she would take her own life. Mrs. Welch said that yesterday she received a letter for her mother through the Rural Free Delivery and that as she noticed her mother seemed worried over it, she tried to find out what its contents were. She got a short glimpse and although she could not make out the full import of the letter, it being written in a very poor and apparently disguised hand, she gleaned that it said something about a detective being on her trail and that it was signed "A Friend." As soon as Mrs. Dennison had read the letter she destroyed it.

When the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death from arsenical poisoning in the case of J. C. Dennison, which was on the 26th of October last, Judge Bouton, District Attorney Melvin and the County Commissioners held a consultation and decided to employ a detective on the Dennison case. A man, whose name we withhold, from the Empire Detective Agency of Pittsburg, was selected and came here and started an investigation. He was soon rewarded by finding a clue to work upon and followed it up until the chain evidence in his possession was almost complete. In a conversation with the writer yesterday afternoon the detective said that there was no question but what J. C. Dennison was poisoned with Paris green (which is principally arsenic) and that he had evidence enough in his possession to have warranted an arrest and he was only holding off to ferrit out one imperfect link. With that he said it would be impossible for the guilty party to escape the gallows and without he had a good case. An arrest would probably have been made within a week.

A brief review of the death of J. C. Dennison may be of interest. On the 27th of September Mr. Dennison died under circumstances that aroused the suspicion that he had met with foul play and an autopsy was ordered. The autopsy warranted the holding of a coroner's inquest. The evidence produced at this inquest brought out the facts that Mr. Dennison had complained of not feeling well early in September and that about the middle of that month he was confined to his bed, where he gradually grew worse until he died on the above date. It was also shown that Mr. Dennison and his wife had not lived happily together for many years; that she was jealous without cause; that she had made remarks which were equivalent to threats upon his life. The report from the chemist who analyzed the contents of his vital organs was conclusive that his death was caused by arsenical poisoning and the verdict of the coroner's jury was that his death was caused by arsenical poisoning administered by some person or persons unknown to them.

Miss Sarah Richey was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Richey and was born in Norwich township about 52 years ago. She was united in marriage to James C. Dennison 27 years ago last Christmas Day. To them were born four children, three of whom survive to mourn the tragic death of their parents. They are Eber C. Dennison of this borough, Mrs. Monroe Welch and Freddie, aged about 10 years. The funeral services (which we believe are private) will be held at the home of John Dodge at 10 o'clock Friday morning and the burial will be in the Colegrove cemetery.

The self destruction of this woman closes a chapter of sad incidents and perhaps for all concerned it is better so. That there was nothing but sorrow and trouble ahead for this poor woman no one can question after reading this sad story. By her sudden death she has saved her innocent children and those nearest them much suffering. If she has agressed against the laws of God and man, she has paid the penalty of the aggressions by unendurable suffering. So judge her not too harshly. In many ways she had a good heart and the only reasonable explanation for her alleged misdeeds is that she was mentally unbalanced, with a mania which she could not control.

For her children and relatives the most sincere sympathy is felt by all who know them. They are highly respected by our best citizens and are in no way to blame for these terrible misfortunes in their lives.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

We announce on the authority of a letter received from Mr. Backer, that L. J. Backer & Co., of Boston, has finally decided to locate their extensive Bark Extract Works at this place, and desired to contract for all the bark they could secure, at $1.00 per cord. This is one of the most encouraging items of news for this vicinity that we have been able to chronicle for a long time, and we are only too glad. The gentlemen composing this company comprise the largest and most experienced manufacturers of bark extract in the Eastern States. On account of the limited and decreasing supply of bark at their manufactories they had determined to select some location both accessible to railroad and to a large supply of bark, at which to erect permanent and extensive works. Mr. Backer had traveled for several weeks through this and other states in search of some suitable point before his attention was called to this location. He came here and, with his partners spent a number of days in an exhaustive and careful examination of our bark resources, location and transportation facilities. They returned to Boston without coming to any definite conclusion. But finally, after a careful consideration of the question, this point was decided to present more advantages than any of the many other locations which they had examined, and where they had been urged to locate.

Mr. Backer thus wrote as indicated above, and to-day (Tuesday, July 10, 1877) he writes that he will be here this week and proceed at once to the erection of the buildings and other preparations for commencing active business. Thus we can look upon the immediate establishment of the extract works, as fast as money and brains can accomplish it, as among the certainties of the near future.

We have received a copy of a paper announcing the suicide of Gilbert C. Wolcott, who it stated formerly lived near Colegrove, this county. The circumstances are related as follows:

Of late Mr. Wolcott has been in a melancholy mood, brooding over his failure to collect some money due him, and had given frequent hints to his family that life had become a burden to him. But they little expected the deep sentedness of his dejection and despondency. Sometime in the early morning of Monday, Mrs. Wolcott was awakened by a sound somewhat resembling the click of a gun lock, (although not thinking of it at the time) and found Mr. Wolcott out of bed and in an adjoining room. She questioned him as to what he was doing, and received the reply that he was getting some salt and water. He complied with her request and came to bed, and she was soon asleep. About 5 o'clock she was awakened by the explosion of a gun, and finding Mr. Wolcott out of bed again, arose, rushed into the adjoining room where she found him weltering in his blood. He had evidently seated himself upon the floor, placed the muzzle of the gun to his breast and pulled it off with his foot. He lived three-fourths of an hour, during which time he expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and seemed to desire the forgiveness of his wife and children for the rash and fatal act he had committed. That he was laboring under temporary abberation of the mind there is no room to doubt, and rumor has it that the disease is hereditary in the Wolcott family. There was nothing in his financial condition to justify his conduct, as he was blessed with a fair competency of this world's goods. The sympathies of the entire community are with the afflicted family, who are held in high esteem by all who know them. [July 1877.]

Died.—At Clermont, July 11, 1877, Louie R., infant son of C. H. Moore, aged four months and twenty-three days.

Mr. Cephas Scott, one of the oldest residents of McKean county, died at his residence in this borough on July 13, 1877, at the advanced age of 88 years, 10 months and 13 days. He had lived nearly a half century in this county. As near as we can learn he was born in Massachusetts, and at an early age removed with his parents to Washington county, N. Y. Later he removed to Chenango county in the same state, and from thence removed to and settled in this county. He located and cleared up a large farm in Norwich township, where he lived for many years. From there he removed to Hamlin township, and finally, a few years ago, purchased a small house in this borough, where his days were ended.

Mr. Scott was universally respected by all who knew him. He was an honorable upright citizen, in every sense of the term an honest man. He leaves a second wife and four grown up children to mourn his loss.

Cummings-Taylor—Married, at the United Brethren parsonage in Eldred, McKean county, Pa., June 20, 1877, by Rev. J. H. Smith, Mr. Thos. Cummings and Miss May Taylor, both of Larrabee.

Subscribe for the MINER

County Officers for 1905.

With the coming of the new year come changes in the court house. This year but one office holder turned over his office and accounts to another. A. W. Boyd of Bradford, who has so ably filled the office of county treasurer for the past three years, was succeeded on last Monday morning by S. D. Weaver, ex-county commissioners' clerk. Mr. Weaver took the oath of office and entered upon his duties at that time. On Monday the county commissioners announced the following appointments for the year 1905: Commissioners' clerk, A. S. Walker of Bradford; superintendent of the County Home for Indigent People, Jonathan Colegrove; solicitor for county commissioners, T. E. Richmond; janitor, S. G. Bush; county physician, W. A. Ostrander, M. D. On Friday last Edward Frawley of Bradford was appointed mercantile appraiser of the county.

There was no contest for any of the offices except for commissioners' clerk, and there is general satisfaction with all these appointments. With the exception of Mr. Walker taking Mr. Weaver's place in the commissioners' office and a new mercantile appraiser there is no change in the officers from last year. All have done their duty faithfully and satisfactorily. Mr. Weaver enters upon his duties with an experience which makes his work easy and pleasant both to patrons of the office and himself.

"In Old Virginia."

This Southern romantic play is to be given by the young folks of our city next Tuesday evening at the Lyceum, under the direction of Charles Payne. It is a drama of intense interest. It tells the story of a wealthy young girl who romantically marries a strolling gypsy to escape the guardianship of her uncle. The plots and counterplots of this uncle to remain in control of her estate all tells a story of absorbing interest. A crowd of wandering gypsies adds to the picturesqueness of the play. The climax of the third act is one of the most dramatic climaxes ever written, where the challenge is given for the sword combat which takes place in the last act.

Dancing specialties by eight young ladies and coon songs by Mrs. Payne will be given between acts and beautiful tableaus will be shown after each act. The funds of this entertainment go into a fund towards purchasing an electric light plant for the Lyceum. Seats will be on sale Monday at Wells' drug store.

The Potter County Tangle.

The Potter Enterprise issued an extra Saturday last containing the additional true bills found by the grand jury of Potter county officials and bridge agents, who have been indicted by District Attorney A. M. Devall.

Fifteen true bills were returned as a result of the grand jurors' special work. Ten against County Commissioners Sandorlin and Young; one against the auditors, J. M. Glase, Frank Howland and F. A. Brown; one against the commissioners and auditors for conspiracy; one against Thomas Hungiville, bridge agent; one against E. E. Rogers, bridge agent and one against the county commissioners and J. M. Whitley, bridge agent, for conspiracy.

These indictments have created a tremendous sensation throughout Potter county and the trials of the various men are being awaited with anxious interest.

Judge Ormerod warmly complimented the grand jurors upon their work before discharging them.

Regarding the B., B. & K.

There is considerable speculation as to the future of the B., B. & K. railroad. According to reports S. S. Bullis of Gulfport, Miss., on Monday traded to the Goodyears the Buffalo, Attica & Arcade road for the famous little narrow gauge line. Negotiations are pending relative to securing the re-lease of Elisha K. Kane's narrow gauge between Ormsby and Mt. Jewett to be operated as before by the Bradford, Buffalo & Kane Railroad. The road, which is now operating between Smethport and Bradford, will continue under the management of Superintendent Campbell of Bradford.

Latest reports say nothing of the proposed change of the line to a trolley road, but many improvements are promised providing sufficient patronage is given the road.

Mr. Bullis, the new owner, was formerly an extensive lumber operator in this section of the country.

While Sleighing is With Us.

Don't forget that E. E. Daly has a first-class line of cutters and sleighs and a few of the celebrated Waterloo cutters which he will sell at reasonable prices. Also ten sets of Michigan lumber sleighs at $40 per set, cash.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

Detroit Jewel Cake Griddles, the only practical pan cake griddle for a gas range. Holmes & Gilfillan.

PORT ARTHUR HAS FALLEN

End of the Terrible Ten Months Siege Reached Monday.

A FEW THOUSAND HEROES LEFT.

Reduced to a Pitiful Condition From Lack of Food and Ammunition the Gallant Garrison Surrenders.

Port Arthur has finally been taken after one of the most disastrous sieges in the history of warfare. Reduced to a mere handful of half-starved men the Russians held the part for a month longer than seemed possible for human endurance. The Japs kept up an almost constant bombardment from land batteries and the sea, but the assaults by infantry upon the city were repeatedly repulsed. There was nothing dishonorable about the surrender. The heroic defenders could fight no more. The Japs now possess Port Arthur but it cost nearly 100,000 lives and millions of dollars to take the ruins of a once wealthy city and the sunken hulks of a magnificent navy.

The text of the articles of capitulation of the Port Arthur garrison signed by the commissioners representing Gen. Stoessel and Gen. Nogi has been made public. All Russian soldiers, marines and civil officials of the garrison and harbor are made prisoners; all forts, batteries, vessels, munitions, etc., are transferred to the Japanese in the condition in which they existed at noon of Jan. 3d, violation of this clause to operate as an annulment of the negotiations, giving the Japanese army warrant to take free action; the Russian military and naval authorities are to furnish to the Japanese army an exhibit of all fortifications, underground and submarine mines, a list of military officers, of ships and the number of their crews and of civilians of both sexes, with their race and occupations; and all property, as buildings, and munitions of war to be left in the present position pending arrangements for their transference. Officers of the army and navy are permitted to retain their swords and such of their personal property as is directly necessary for the maintenance of life, and with one servant each may, upon signing their parole not to take up arms during the continuance of the war, return to Russia. Non-commissioned officers and privates will be held as prisoners. For the benefit of the sick and wounded Russians, the sanitary corps and the accountants belonging to the Russian army and navy will be required to serve under the Japanese sanitary corps and accountants for such period of time as may be deemed necessary.

Chefoo, Jan. 2.—(Midnight.)—Commander Karlzo of the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Vlastni, in an interview with the Associated Press correspondent to-night, said: "Port Arthur falls of exhaustion—exhaustion not only of ammunition but of men. The remnant of the garrison left had been doing the work of heroes for five days and five nights, but yesterday they reached the limit of human endurance. In the casemates of the forts one saw everywhere faces black with starvation, exhaustion and nerve-strain. You spoke to them, but they did not answer, only staring dumbly. The lack of ammunition alone would not have suggested the seeking of terms. Scant ammunition had long been common in the fortress and during the past month many of the forts had nothing with which to return the fire of the enemy.

"The Russians sat in the casemates firing not more than once to the 200 shots sent by the Japanese. When the assault came they repulsed the enemy with bayonets. But the men themselves, having existed for three months on reduced rations, were so worn out that it is marvelous they stood the final strain so long. Yesterday Gen. Stoessel would fight. His wound, which was received early in the siege, had been bothering him, but his determination to fight while one man could stand had not diminished. 'But we cannot fight,' said the General.

"'Our men cannot move. They sleep standing. They cannot use the bayonets at their breasts. We can order but they cannot obey.'

"'Then you generals fight,' said Stoessel, clenching his fists. 'He seemed fanatical on the subject, but finally he was brought to due reason by the insistence of his subordinates. Admirals Lochinsky and Wiren, Gens. Smyrnoff and Fock and many others, sometimes with broken voices, urged the steps which all dreaded so long.

"I am sure Port Arthur would have sought terms a month ago had it not been for Gen. Stoessel, who, with bulldog tenacity stolidly refused to permit such action to be taken. He had told his Emperor that he would never surrender and he meant to keep his word. The greatest loss suffered by Port Arthur occurred a fortnight ago when Major General Kondratenko was killed. Officers and men alike regarded him as the brightest star in Port Arthur's firmament. When his death became known the fall in the spirits of the soldiers was plainly visible. Gen. Kondratenko was seated in the casemate of a certain fort discussing with seven other officers the best way of countermining against the Japanese when an 11-inch shell burst, killing everybody in the casemate. Gen. Nogi has taken Port Arthur with his artillery and his tunnels. His rifle bullets were seldom found to be of any use.

"We constantly endured a bombardment heavier than any in history. The Japanese periodically assaulted and then, if repulsed, they calmly resumed their bombardments. We who came here to-day do not know the terms of surrender suggested by Gen. Stoessel to Gen. Nogi nor the answer to them, having left Port Arthur even before the messenger had been dispatched. The general impression, however, is that Stoessel has proposed that the army shall go free and that he alone be made a prisoner. Even that confession seemed to wrench out the sturdy old man's heart.

"We still have some ammunition and some guns on Liao Tai mountain but that mountain is not adapted for the best defense from the landside and the Japanese would find its capture easier than the other tasks they have attempted. Tigers Tails peninsula has to be similarly viewed, and Golden Hill has been without ammunition for three months. Since reaching Chefoo I have seen that attempts have been made to make it appear that Stoessel alone wished to surrender, the other generals desiring to continue the fight. This is a lie and is based solely on personal dislike of Stoessel.

"It is a simple story. Had the ammunition held out the fortress would have held out indefinitely. For months we held Port Arthur by bayonets alone until flesh and blood could do no more. When a man fell there was none other to replace him. To us the garrison was gradually worn down. The loss of 203-Meter Hill alone cost us 5,000 men. The capture of that hill was the beginning of the end."

"It cost the Japanese 80,000 men to take the fortress, while some say they have lost over 100,000. The number of our own dead is not known, even to the high officers. The fighting since August has been merciless. When Rihung mountain was taken 500 men occupying a casemate were not able to emerge, so quickly came the rush of the Japanese. The Russians tried to emerge by the use of their bayonets in the face of machine gun fire. Thus every man died—trying to resist machine guns with bayonets alone. The Japanese did not give them a chance to become prisoners, but the men would have preferred death anyway.

"Picture a fort strewn with shells, and you have a picture of the end of Port Arthur.

"One peculiar incident of the siege was fort No. 3, where for three months the Japanese occupied one part of the fort while the Russians occupied the other. They fought ceaselessly, assaulting each other and mining and counter-mining.

"Only when a Japanese prince was killed the Japanese sent to negotiate a truce in order that they might secure the body from heaps of others which had long remained unburied. The Russians received the envoys courteously and in easy manner as if they had untold breweries working, gave them the last bottle of beer at Port Arthur with the idea of creating an impression of plentitude. As a matter of fact, the only real ration for three months has consisted of rice, which ultimately caused hundreds to fall sick of scorbut, a disease much like beriberi. Last month the rations were reduced 10 per per cent. 'Nothing was too great a sacrifice in order to impress the enemy that all was well inside the fortress. This is the first potato I have tasted for two months; and is this really, truly steak?'"

Notice.

Before the death of my son, the late Dr. F. R. Young, when disposing of his estate, he requested that no collections be enforced or bills sent out for accounts due him for professional services, but if any money was paid on said accounts voluntarily, I was to use it for charitable purposes. I would like to say that on looking over his books I find several hundred dollars in accounts. Some are good and collectible, while others are not. No bills will be sent out or collections enforced, but if any person feels inclined to pay anything upon their account I will receive same and use it for charitable purposes in his name.

D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 3, 1905.

A universal favorite is the Universal Food Chopper. We have them, all sizes. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

The finest assortment of mantles and gas globes in town. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hides and furs.

Miss Phoebe's Business Venture

By MARION E. CROSSKILL

Copyright, 1904, by Marion E. Crosskill

"WELL, what are we goin' to do, Phoebe? The money for the house is all gone and no more in sight. So we're as bad off as we were before and worse, for we haven't a house to live in or starve in, for that's what it seems to be comin' to. And we even miss our little patch of garden where we raised the cucumbers and radishes and squash. And, Phoebe, it seems as if I had the old front porch, with the roses on it and the elm tree shadin' it, to sit on these hot days I'd be most content to starve there," sighed Mary Ann.

"Don't talk that way, sister. The Lord 'll find a way somehow. We've gone from one thing to another since the bank failed, but we have always had something to eat, and I have a feeling that we always will if we look sharp."

"I was by the old place today," said Mary Ann, with another sigh. "The roses do look lovely. Oh, Phoebe, if we'd never sold it! If we could only have it back!"

Phoebe's brows contracted, and then relaxed quickly.

"Well, we shall, Mary Ann; we shall," she said cheerfully. "If we keep our courage up and think with our whole strength that the things we want are ours we will draw them to us just as steady and as sure as the world goes round. It may not look like it at first, but remember that we can't feel the earth move either, and never lose faith. Just put your mind on it as I do and will to have the old house back, and if we will hard enough and hustle in the bargain it will all come right."

"But how is it comin' right, Phoebe, when we have no money to even buy bread, let alone the old place?"

Phoebe did not reply. Sometimes her sister's complaining nature quite made her lose heart. Poor Mary Ann! She did not mean to be a burden and a drawback to her sister. She tried to help along all she could, but the weak ones little realize the power for evil of their very weakness. From Phoebe flowed hope and courage. She diffused them as a lamp sheds light. All felt them who came within their radius. They were all that kept poor Mary Ann from suicide.

Since the bank failed and their money was lost Phoebe had worn a cheerful face and worked and struggled to keep their little home in the suburbs of a thriving New England town. She had taken boarders and done sewing and nursing and whatever she could find to do, thinking courageously to keep the old roof over their heads, until with hard work and exposure to all sorts of weather a severe illness had overtaken her, and while she lay helpless the place had to be mortgaged to pay expenses, and then later on, to avoid a foreclosure, it was sold at a figure which left them but little money after the debt was paid. And through it all the brave little woman had kept up heart and striven to cheer and encourage her weaker sister.

With her health her vigor returned, and she tried first this thing and then that to make a living and turned over one plan and another, always asserting that the right thing would be found at last; that the old house would come back to them again. Her faith never wavered that it would come out all right in the end. She had to fight the battle for herself and her sister, too, for so it generally is that to every pair of strong, brave shoulders there is fitted the burden of another's weakness and cowardice. It is nearly always some one dear to us, or we would not often bear it, and love lightens the load. So Phoebe Smith carried her sister on her shoulders, though oftentimes the weight of her weakness and complaints well nigh caused the brave heart to sink by the way.

"BUT HOW IS IT COMIN' RIGHT, PHOEBE?"

Mary Ann, who was a little past forty, seemed old enough to be her sister's mother. Her form was small and thin and her complexion sallow, while the habitual wrinkling of her forehead into an anxious, querulous pucker had brought deep, permanent lines.

"You just worry yourself to a frazzle, Nannie," said her sister, "and what good does it do? You can't worry a shingle on to the roof nor a dollar into your pocket. But you can worry yourself sick and old, and that is just what you are doing. If you would only, just to please me, throw away that bottle of liver pills and come out and help me weed this onion bed I am sure you would feel better. I have heard, and I believe it is true, that there is nothing like worry to make you bilious. You don't know how good the fresh earth smells, and the sun on your back is just glorious," said Phoebe, throwing the old straw hat back from her flushed face and wiping her brow.

They did not gather the crop from that onion bed, for the house was sold, and they moved in town and were domiciled in a little back room at Mrs. Preston's boarding house, which on account of its being on the shady side of the house they were able to rent quite cheap.

The summer was passing, and as the sisters sat day after day doing any sewing which came their way Mary Ann was silent and dejected, and Phoebe earnestly thoughtful.

"THE MUGS STEAMED ENTICINGLY."

One day Phoebe returned after a long absence, and, drawing off her gloves, she said, with a cheerful smile:

"Well, it's all right. Mr. Bowen says I can have the room and I will begin the first day school opens."

"Begin what, Phoebe? What room? What are you talkin' about?"

"Oh, I didn't tell you for fear you would try to discourage me, but I have been turning over the plan for some time, and of course you will help."

"Help what, Phoebe? Do tell me."

"Oh, yes, it's this: Up at the school, you know, the children all take their lunch. It is a cold lunch, of course, and I asked Mr. Bowen to speak to the school board about renting me the room in the basement next to the lunch room, and I am going to serve hot soup and malted milk and cocoa at 3 cents a mug. I will take what money I can get together by that time and buy a gas stove and the mugs and some cans of soup. We can have a different kind every day. And what do you think? Mr. Bowen has got them to let me have the room free of rent. He says it will be a benefit to the children to have something warm with their lunch. Isn't he good? Oh, the world is so full of good people!"

Mary Ann looked at her sister. "Well, Phoebe, the things you do think of! I'm sure I hope it will be a success," she said weakly.

"A success! Of course it will!" with vigor. "How can it help it? A can of soup costs 10 cents, and less if you buy it wholesale, and it will make at least eight mugs of good soup at 3 cents apiece, and I can make a nice little mug of cocoa that will net me a profit of 2 cents. Oh, I have reckoned it all up, every cent. Of course it will be a success, and, Mary Ann, you're in it."

Mary Ann smiled. "I'll do all I can," she said. "Certainly I'll help."

When school opened the Misses Smith were there making preparations, and when the children poured down into the big room for lunch the doors were opened into the little room next it, and there stood Miss Phoebe, wearing a white apron and a smiling face, behind a big table, with a large soup tureen in the middle, surrounded with blue mugs and a ladle in her hand, while Mary Ann with a hot water kettle and cocoa and milk, did the honors at another. An appetizing odor arose from the soup tureen. The mugs steamed enticingly and were emptied rapidly.

Mr. Bowen, who from the first had taken a great interest in this business venture of the Misses Smith, came one day to ask how they were getting along.

"Miss Smith," he said to Phoebe, thinking how beautiful her complexion was, "I hear that Barlow wants to sell your house again. Mrs. Barlow's health is not very good here. And I was thinking," reflectively, "that I would buy it just as a speculation."

He was looking at Miss Phoebe's plump hand and admiring the dimples in the knuckles. "And if you will live in it, just to take care of it, you know, until it is sold to advantage it will be conferring a favor on me."

Phoebe fairly gasped from surprise. To live in the old house again! To plant the nasturtiums by the fence as of old and to watch the cucumbers grow in the sunny place in front of the wood shed! It was almost too good to be true.

"But we can't live there without paying rent," she said. "We are able to pay rent now if it is not too much."

"But," replied Mr. Bowen, "it will be a great advantage to have somebody living there who would take an interest in the place, and I did not think of asking any rent. But if you wish to pay a small amount it rests with you."

This satisfied Miss Phoebe's conscience and made her feel more independent. Bubbling over with joy, she rushed into the presence of Mary Ann and exclaimed triumphantly: "I said so! I said so! We are going back to our old home, Nannie!"

The spring found them training the roses on the porch and sowing seeds in their flower beds as if they had never been away.

About this time Miss Phoebe had plans for branching out. She rented a big, pleasant room in the business section of the town and started a little "tea room," as she called it, as that was the fashion. The floor was stained, and some bright but inexpensive rugs supplied bits of color. Fresh muslin curtains shaded the windows, and flowerpots stood between. The most fragrant tea and the most delicious coffee and chocolate were served, while the tea biscuit and cake and sandwiches and other good things were all made by the Misses Smith and their white aproned maids, and so the new venture was patronized and began to prosper. One evening as Miss Phoebe sat in her wicker chair on the rose covered porch Mr. Bowen came up the path.

"Good evening, Miss Smith. I just thought I would come and see how my tenants were getting along," he said, looking into the big blue eyes, which seemed to have a very contented expression in them. His wife's eyes had been black and somewhat snappy, and he found himself thinking how nice it would be to have a pair of sympathetic blue eyes like Miss Phoebe's to greet him when he came home and sit opposite him at the table. Then, too, she had such a soft, sweet voice that even a commonplace invitation to be helped to pie would be a symphony from her lips. She was speaking now.

"If you would sell the place for what you gave for it, Mr. Bowen"—she was saying.

"Sell the place!" he repeated, absently touching the lace at her wrist as her plump hand rested on the arm of her rocker and then looking up at a cluster of roses that hung by the pillar just over his head.

Miss Smith blushed as she gave a quick glance at his ruddy face and curling gray locks. A most reserved man Mr. Bowen had always appeared and the pink of courtesy and propriety.

"Yes, we will be able to buy it back very soon if you will sell it at that price."

Mr. Bowen unfastened his gaze from the cluster of roses that swung overhead and turned it full upon the roses in the cheek beside him.

Phoebe had never noticed before that he had such fine eyes and such soft, curly hair. He drew his chair a little closer.

"If you will accept the old place as a present from me, Miss Phoebe," he said.

Miss Phoebe stared at him with eyes wide open.

"A wedding present," he continued, laying his hand on hers.

The roses in Miss Phoebe's cheeks deepened to a rich crimson, and the astonished blue eyes were like two stars as she looked into Philip Bowen's fine face while her hand rested in his.

"A WEDDING PRESENT," HE CONTINUED.

"Land sakes alive!" gasped Mary Ann in the doorway a minute later. Was it possible that her sister could so disgrace her? She adjusted her glasses and looked again. There sat Phoebe and Mr. Bowen close as two owls on a roost. His elbow was on the back of her low wicker chair, his cheek resting against his hand, and Phoebe sat with her head well back so that it almost touched his chin. Her eyes shone softly in the gradually deepening dusk, while the roses just over their heads were nodding in silent approval, and Mary Ann turned on her heel and went back into the house perfectly scandalized.

A Busy Soldier.

The Westminster Gazette reports the case of an English officer who was stationed for two years at Cairo and who never took the trouble to go out to look at the pyramids. In explaining his failure to see those landmarks of progress he said, "What with polo and parties and bridge and cricket I never had a minute to myself."

Sudden Infatuation.

"So Miss Scudds is going to marry the count, eh?"

"Yes; she took him out to look at one of those pieces of real estate her father told her she could have the choice of for a home, and he proposed on the spot."

"Case of love at first site, eh?"—Houston Post.

An Aerial Collision.

"What's the matter, old man? You look as if you'd been in an accident."

"My fool astronomer got gay last night and ran my airship into a comet. I'm going to discharge him and get a man who doesn't drink."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Collector.

Goodley—Why don't you go to work? Beggar—I am workin'. I'm a collector o' rare coins. Goodley—But a nickel is not a rare coin. Beggar—It is to me.—Philadelphia Ledger.

On Her Guard.

Mary—Have you any idea how old Jane is? Ann—She must be getting on. I know that she always locks her door before she washes her face.—Brooklyn Life.

Found and Lost.

Lady—Oh, that big dog isn't the one I advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier. Boy—Yes'm. Your dog's inside o' dis one!—Puck.

MARRIAGE IN MEXICO.

How the Engagement and Wedding Ceremonies Are Celebrated.

The Mexican people are hospitable to a fault, always welcoming their friends even though they have not enough to eat themselves. And they religiously visit the sick, including those who have contagious diseases. They are also addicted to public social functions, the invariable mode of entertainment being the dance. They are fond of music, though not proficient in the art of making it, probably more from lack of opportunity than from lack of capacity. The violin and guitar are the usual instruments of music, the repertory of the local musicians being usually limited to a few tunes which are in equal demand for the dance and for the funeral.

One of the most interesting and beautiful of the social functions is the prendorio. When a young man wishes to marry he asks for the girl of his choice of the parents, not of the girl herself, and if she is given the prendorio at once follows, ushered in by shooting and demonstrations of joy. The bride and bridegroom are publicly presented to their future parents-in-law, after which the company pass in procession in front of the couple, each one dropping a piece of money into the hands of the bride. Then follows the inevitable dance. This public betrothal is considered almost as binding as marriage, and I have heard of but one instance in which the compact was not kept, the recreant bridegroom in that case being visited with ostracism. The betrothal is usually followed by marriage just as soon as the services of the priest can be secured. The marriage ceremony is followed by a feast more notable for the abundance of things to drink than for things to eat, and by the usual dance. Indeed the festivities are often prolonged for several nights after the wedding.—Southern Workman.

THE AGE OF STARS.

Color Aids the Astronomer in Making His Calculations.

As a star contracts from the surrounding nebulous matter from which it was thrown off its temperature rises, and with this augmented heat occurs a change both in the star's spectrum and color. Redhot iron is not nearly so hot as white hot iron. By observing the various changes in tint which the metal undergoes the foundryman is able to tell with considerable accuracy its degree of heat. A somewhat similar method of gauging a star's temperature, and therefore its age, is relied upon by the astronomer. Color, then, and spectroscopic analysis enable the astronomer to estimate the age of orbs that are only beginning to exist as stars and others whose light is fast fading.

After having coagulated, as it were, from a nebulous mass, a star assumes a color that may be best described as an intense bluish white, much like that of the electric arc. Stars of that line are, therefore, in their infancy. Then comes the white stage, followed by the yellow, orange and red, each succeeding blue indicating greater celestial antiquity than the last. Up to the yellow period the star as it contracts grows hotter and hotter. Then a gradual cooling takes place. Accompanying the changes in color are changes in the spectrum of the star, changes that indicate a modification in physical structure. In the bluish white period of a star's infancy the characteristic wide lines of hydrogen gas predominate in the spectrum. As the color changes the lines of calcium, magnesium and iron appear, the hydrogen lines gradually becoming thinner and those of calcium broader.—Booklovers Magazine.

Traffic in Human Skin.

The skin grafting experiments which have been so successful of recent years have led to a new form of livelihood, which is fairly remunerative. Several of the London hospitals have on their books the names and addresses of many men and women who have undertaken to sell portions of their cuticle whenever the necessity arises, and it is said that quite a regular traffic is now being done in the buying and selling of human skin. The persons who are willing to sacrifice their flesh for money are by no means confined to the poor and destitute class.—London Mail.

The Postal Union.

The first step toward the formation of the postal union which has had such wide results, came from Germany in the shape of a proposal for an international postal congress. This met at Berne in 1874, when twenty-two countries joined the union, including the whole of Europe. A second congress met in Paris in 1878, when ten other countries came in, and the official title, "International Postal Union," was definitely fixed. Its sphere was further enlarged at congresses at Lisbon in 1885 and at Vienna in 1891.

The Attraction.

Prim Mother—My son, I am afraid you are going to make a mistake in marrying Miss Easyways. Both she and her mother are fearfully lax housekeepers. Son—I know it, mother; that's what caught me. It's so comfortable over there, you know. I can sit down anywhere in the parlor without being told that I'm mussing things up!—Detroit Free Press.

Discontent.

The peacock heard the nightingale singing.

"That seems easy to do," said the big bird. "I'll see if I can't sing as well as that."

At the dismal squawk that followed a moment later every living thing within hearing distance fled in terror.

"Curses on my fatal gift of beauty!" exclaimed the peacock. "Why wasn't I made plain, like all the great musicians!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Voice of the Worldly.

"Poverty is no disgrace," said the romantic young woman.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "and it is no great recommendation either."—Washington Star.

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.—Richter.

BUYING RUBIES IN BURMA.

Grips and Signs Used in Bargaining For Precious Stones.

The peculiar business methods of oriental merchants are illustrated by the manner of buying rubies in Burma, says the Jewelers' Circular-Weekly. In the examination of rubies artificial light is not used, the merchants holding that full sunlight alone can bring out the color and brilliancy of the gems. Sales must therefore take place between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., and the sky must be clear.

The purchaser, placed near a window, has before him a large copper plate. The sellers come to him one by one, and each empties upon this plate his little bag of rubies. The purchaser proceeds to arrange them for valuation in a number of small heaps. The first division is into three grades according to size. Each of these groups is again divided into three piles, according to color, and each of these piles is again divided into three groups according to shape. The bright copper plate has a curious use. The sunlight reflected from it through the stone brings out with true rubies a color effect different from that with red spinels and tourmalines, which are thus easily separated.

The buyer and seller then go through a very peculiar method of bargaining by signs, or rather, grips, in perfect silence. After agreeing upon the fairness of the classification they join their right hands, covered with a handkerchief or the flap of a garment, and by grips and pressures mutually understood among all these dealers they make, modify and accept proposals of purchase and sale.

HYPOCRITE AND VILLAIN.

The Gentle Terms a Playgoer Once Applied to Forrest.

A number of professional men were exchanging reminiscences of Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian. One of them told the story of Forrest's experience in the west, which was not only of interest in itself, but also a tribute to the art of the actor.

The play was "Virginius," and Forrest was at his best. In the scene where he slays his daughter the audience was almost stricken with awe, and not a sound was heard until the scene was concluded, after which the artist was greeted with overpowering applause. In the following act Virginius comes on the stage looking worn and distracted. The reaction has set in, he is frenzied over the loss of his daughter, and he walks up and down, crying out: "Virginia, Virginia! Where is my child?"

An old fellow, who occupied a front row in the orchestra and who had been terribly wrought up by the murder scene, could stand this no longer and, rising in his place, shouted out in loud tones, freighted with intense indignation:

"Why, you old villain, you killed her in the market house in the last act. You know it well enough. You are a hypocrite as well as a villain."

The laughter and applause that greeted this unexpected turn in the performance made it necessary to ring down the curtain.—Harper's Weekly.

The Blameless One.

Mrs. Colburn removed her outer garments and seated herself with a thud in her rocking chair in the front window. "I declare, I never saw such a gadder as that young woman the minister married to all my life!" she said jerkily as she ran her darning ball down into the heel of Mr. Colburn's gray stocking.

"I can't go over to Mis' Deacon Graves' of an afternoon or down to the store in the morning that I don't either find her there or see her coming or going, three times out o' five!

"She's an awful starer, too," continued Mrs. Colburn, pulling at a knot in her darning cotton till it broke and her elbow flew back against the sharp edge of the table. "I can't look over at her front window but what she turns her eyes this way inside o' five minutes. Don't sit there looking so numb, William! Can't you see I've half killed myself? Fetch me the liniment, quick!"—Youth's Companion.

Not Humility of Spirit.

A young preacher in an uptown church was much struck one Sunday by the seeming effect his sermon was having upon one of his congregation, a shabby genteel man with white hair who, throughout the entire discourse sat with head bowed in deeply reverent attitude. After the service the minister pushed his way to the man and proudly said:

"I am glad to note that my sermon affected you. Did it make you see the error of your ways?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said the man sheepishly. "You see, my waistcoat is too short, and I had to bend over to hide my shirt."—Cleveland Leader.

A Tramp's Problem.

A tramp having found a hen's feather in his travels about the city kept it until night, when he carefully placed it on the pavement in a back alley and slept upon it. Awaking next morning and looking scornfully upon the bit of down, he exclaimed: "Gee whiz! If one feather is as hard to sleep on as that, what must a whole bedful be?"

What's In a Name.

"Maybe I have an ugly color, as you say," said the carrot to the beet, "but when I am gone I hope some one may say a good word for me. It seems to me a dead carrot has a better chance for respect than a dead beet." And the beet turned even redder in the face and had nothing more to say.

A man is never happy until he has ceased to care whether he is or not.—Chicago Tribune.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

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"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

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"Gentlemen:—I should like to tell you, in a few words, of the good Cal-cura Solvent, the latest medicine prepared by Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has accomplished in my case, one of kidney trouble.

"Before I took Cal-cura Solvent my urine was of a brick dust color, and there was always a sediment of a reddish tinge. I procured a bottle and gave it a thorough trial. I noticed that the sediment gradually disappeared and the urine became clear. I have not taken any of the Cal-cura Solvent for a long time, and no sediment has appeared."—Mr. H. W. Eldridge, Cherry Valley, N.Y. All druggists, $1.00.

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"I took two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am feeling well," writes Mrs. Jane McKenzie of Lowway Mines, Cape Breton Co., Nova Scotia. "I had uterine trouble, also pain in the side and headache. After taking your medicine I was cured. *You may* publish this, or use it in any way you think best, as I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—D. L.

—J. K. Hogarth has a new advertisement this week.

—"In Old Virginia" at the Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—According to the Herald Mt. Jewett is threatened with an epidemic of measles.

—Wm. Mueller's advertisement in Shirt Bargains should be read by men and women.

—Principal W. S. Steele of the Olean High School, has been elected president of the New York State Teachers' Association.

—The mortgage on the M. E. church at Mt. Jewett was paid and burned last week. Much credit is due the ladies of the society in removing the debt.

—Read Economy gas ranges are advertised by Redfield's Hardware this week. He has a large stock and can suit you no matter what size you may want.

—"Your Trial Psalmody to Determine Life's Assets" at the Methodist church next Sunday evening. "Be Not Righteous Overmuch" is the topic for Sunday morning.

—Mr. Frank Huntoon of Norwich and Miss Nellie Keesler of this borough were united in marriage on Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1904 at Olean, by Justice W. S. Hubbard.

—The Music, Oratory, and Art departments of Edinboro Normal are directed by specialists. Catalog free. Next session opens Jan. 3d, 1905. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—J. F. Delugio, a hotel keeper of Salamanca and a former resident of Hazelhurst, "fell" last week and was buried in St. Elizabeth's church at this place last Friday.

—Miss Bob White, a comedy opera by Willard Spenser, is booked this way and will be at the Smethport Lyceum some time next month. The press and public speak very highly of this production.

—Austin has a dandy gang of Thanksgiving shoppers. Two business houses belonging to William Dadwick and Mrs. Alice Evans, together with their contents, were totally destroyed at a loss of about $6,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Reminders of the Moors.

Concerning the dwellings in the Argentine Republic a traveler writes: "Wherever there was a collection of houses I was greatly struck with the *character* of the architecture—like Arab or Moorish villages, one great wall without windows surrounding them. The country is very quiet now—safe enough for a bevy of schoolgirls to travel it by day or night, but still the peculiar architecture remains. At Negar Muerta, where we camped, there was only one large building, once the headquarters of the estanciero, who owns hundreds of square leagues of the surrounding country, but now tenanted by his manager, a superior sort of half breed Spanish Indian, with his family. There was the huge square enclosure wall without *any* windows of any kind, one arched doorway and the inside house or houses built against the outer wall and facing into a patio—a most Moorish looking place. Truly the occupation of Spain by the Moors has left its deep marks as they extended across to the new world, distancing today even the customs of the Indians of Spanish South America."

Shoemaking in the Black Forest.

The Black forest in Germany, a region famous for centuries, is hundreds of years behind the present age in methods of living and conducting simple industries. This fact is strikingly exemplified in the primitive ways employed in making leather and shoes. When a farmer kills his beef he takes the hide to the local tanner, who will keep it for two years before he considers it fit for the shoemaker. When the hide is leather the shoemaker is informed of the fact.

Then comes a day when the shoemaker comes to the farmer's house with his kit of tools and the day being is one of the family. Every farmer and every child is measured before him and the order and the work of making shoes for the family begins. It may take a month more or less, but he sticks to his job until every one is properly shod, when he is away to the next customer needing his services.—Shoe Reporter.

An Uneasy Seat.

"Pa," said Tommy, opening the paper, "who sits on the seat of war?"

"No one," responded papa, "because the seat of war personally has a tack in it."—Chicago Record.

The [illegible] not so much what you have in your pocket as what you will [illegible] in Russia.

Common sense [illegible] cultivate small ones.—Ram's Horn.

The man who dies away today puts a mortgage on tomorrow that is hard to lift.

Long Life.

Weber sums the main points to be observed by those desirous of a long life as follows: First, moderation in eating, drinking and physical indulgences; second, pure air out the house and within; third, the keeping of every organ of the body, so far as possible, in constant working order; fourth, regular exercise every day in all weathers, supported in many cases by breathing movements and by walking and climbing tours; fifth, going to bed early and rising early and restricting the hours of sleep to six or seven hours; sixth, daily baths or ablutions, according to individual conditions, cold or warm or warm followed by cold; seventh, regular work and mental occupation; eighth, cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness of mind; ninth, employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear; tenth, strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes and other injurious agencies.—British Medical Journal.

Disadvantages of an Even Temper.

It is banal to envy the even tempered people—those who are never unduly elated or cast down, who, right on plain all the time, if one like that sort of thing, it would be equally natural to envy the animals—cows and pigs, for instance—whose serenity is seldom disturbed. Envying myself I think those even tempered people lose many elements of the pleasure of existence. The depths of grief and gloom into which impulsive people are thrown are amply made up for by the equally unreasonable and buoyant joy into which they spring at the slightest possible excuse, and the sorrow of a quarrel with a dear one is laid for in the delight of making up. Parents are very apt to impress on their children the beauty of this even disposition, but so far as I can see the only benefit derived from it is an unwrinkled complexion.—Household's Magazine.

How Japanese Settle Quarrels.

The Japanese manner of settling quarrels is quite original. When one man has insulted another the injured party, to indicate that he is angry, by drawing in the sand before the door of the offender a circle with a straight line across it, indicating that his adversary, which may have been [illegible] and [illegible] cut in two. Friends of both parties then step up [illegible] to pacify the [illegible] as little children do [illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] shoulder to shoulder and [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] and certainly [illegible] going to [illegible].

The Screech Owl.

It's an odd thing, but there are a number of people who have a distinct antipathy to screech owl and could [illegible] to a single [illegible] of its [illegible] "mouth shuddering." The screech owl is supposed by the negroes on southern plantations to be in direct communication with all the ghosts and goblins of the forests. He plays a great part in the most weird folklore stories of the darkies. A funny superstition in regard to the screech owl is that if you set off [illegible] your left shoe and left foot the first time you hear the owl laugh and turn the shoe sole upward on the floor and place your "stockin' foot" on the bottom of the shoe's sole the owl will stop laughing and fly for ten miles without rest.

Reading.

Reading is not a lost art to the same degree that conversation is, but it has in most cases an arrested development through so much reading that makes no demand upon aesthetic sensibility, so that one is apt to bring to a fine story full of delicate shades of thought and feeling the same mind which he yields to a newspaper putting a blunt interpretation as to its meaning as conveyed in the terms of a national proposition, and the writer's charm is wholly lost upon him.—Harper's.

A Courtroom Joke.

Lord Erskine, when chief justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him in which a Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with a flourish emphasis thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord." Erskine dryly interrupted him with "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton. It would be unbecoming to my position."

How Some People Manage.

"I believe," said Mrs. Borrowdale, "that if I can get the use of Mrs. Nouveau's shell cups and saucers next Friday and Mrs. Hiltz will loan me her spoons and Mrs. Housedean will let me have some of her nice boiling mixture I believe I'll buy a pound of sugar and give a little tea."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Artistic Difficulties.

"It is difficult for a beginner in the drama," said Willie Wishington Barnes, "to walk across the stage properly, isn't it?" asked his student.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes absently, "but it isn't as hard as learning to walk between stations."—Washington Star.

Of More Consequence.

Hubby—That Mr. Wilkes is going every place telling lies about you. Mercy—Is he? Well, that, isn't if he begins to tell the truth I'll let him know it.—London Tit-Bits.

Astrology and the Directory.

[illegible] looked in the directory [illegible] assistants [illegible] I [illegible] be looked in the directory.—Yale Record.

Have money to loan on real estate in the vicinity where I reside, at 6 and 7 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger rate of interest than this if you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Arnington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Visit From Dean Swift.

The Irish reformer, Father Mathew, used to tell of a remarkable visit made to his grandfather by Dean Swift. Mr. Mathew lived near Dublin and invited the eccentric dean to dine and spend the night at his house. A large party of the neighboring gentry were bidden to meet him.

The dean drove up to the house and, summoning the butler, asked the names of the guests.

"Tell your master," he shouted, "I will meet no such people," and drove away in a fury. Before he reached the lodge gates, however, he changed his mind, returned, alighted and demanded to be shown to his room.

When his host came to him Swift said, "I am willing to accept your hospitality, but I will not meet your guests."

He was told that his meals should be served in his room, as if he were at home. He remained thus isolated for two days; then came down to high good humor, joined the party and extended his visit for four months.

An Introduction to Napoleon.

In December, 1812, when Napoleon, after his disastrous Russian expedition, made his secret and hurried journey from Smorgoni to Paris, the following incident occurred: Although the snow lay too thick for the emperor's carriage to proceed, and Count Wonsowicz was informed by the postmaster that a Pole, M. Wilonski, living near, had lately ordered a most convenient traveling carriage, abounding in mirrors for his newly married daughter.

At first the Pole refused the most pressing offers for its purchase; but when he learned that the carriage was required for the emperor's use he not only yielded, but asked as its price that he might be presented to the emperor. Napoleon complied; but, unwilling to accept the carriage as a gift, he gave orders that 1,000 ducats ($2,000) should be handed to the owner.

Blue Beard.

Blue Beard was a real man, and the so called fairy story is true in all its essential details. Blue Beard was Baron Gilles de Rais, an enormously rich Breton nobleman, who fought with distinction under the leadership of Jeanne d'Arc, and was marshal of France at the age of twenty five. After the war he plunged into the wildest dissipation. His great fortune was largely increased by the dower of his first wife, Catherine de Thouars. His favorite diversion was murdering ladies and children in Bluebeard. The church accused his arrest and trial. He was condemned and was burned at Nantes, but was converted in prison, and his last words were to implore the forgiveness of those whose families he had decimated by murder.

Unpressing Male Vassy.

A gentleman who near the close of the seventeenth century accompanied Baron von Swieten on a visit to the old Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen relates the following in his memoirs: "The duke constantly goes to bed every night at 8 o'clock. When leaving the sitting room to proceed to his father dear old sleeping apartment he has a number of his valets posted all along the line of route. One of them takes possession of his wig, the second divests him of his coat, and so on until by the time he has reached the goal he is ready to slip into bed without more ado."

Aesthetic Italian Laborers.

With the exception of the silent Sicilians, the Italian immigrants are generally their talkers and extremely intelligent. I have known a Neapolitan who could neither read nor write quote from Dante, Petrarch and Tasso. It surprises you to hear a group made up of an asphalt mixer, a sailor turned waiter and a barber and baker, who had stuck to their trades discuss the sculpture on a new court building or when upon another night the same men wrangle over the merits of Verdi or Mascagni and end by humming and singing in chorus "Parig, O Cara."—World's Work.

Diplomatic.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking 'round the furniture shops today?" asked a young husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection.

"Yes," she replied. "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking glasses."

"I have no doubt you did," he observed. "If you looked into them."

The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.

A Touch Specimen.

"Seen Edwin's new horse?" asked one villager of another.

"I have," was the reply.

"Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner.

"Well, it looks," said the other slowly, "as if Edwin had taken it for an old debt."

The Wishbone.

When you pull a wishbone with a friend and make a wish, which end wins, the big end or the little end? In some houses the small end wins, and in other houses the big end wins. It's like a coin. Some say starve it, and others say stuff it.—Madison Globe.

No Side Stepping.

"It seems he met her at a hop, promptly proposed, and now they're to be married."

"Strange that she should take that step at a hop."

"She took it at a jump."—Philadelphia Press.

No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself will ever have a true understanding of another.—Novalis.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Finley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

BRINGING JOY

to all is the special mission of Santa Claus. He wants to see everybody happy. But he needs your help and you need ours. Don't run the risk of spending a poor Christmas on account of

Poor Plumbing

Send for us right away and have us go over your house. We will put the plumbing in apple pie order. We will do it quickly too and keep out of the way of the women folks as much as possible. What did you say your number was?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. KERN BLOCK Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

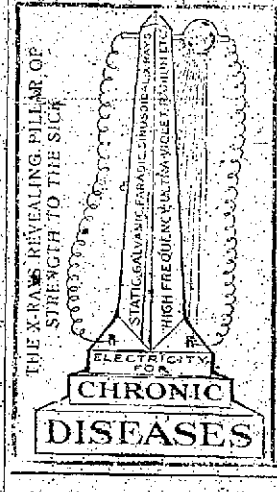
Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Administration.

In the Estate of Maurice A. Hall, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Maurice A. Hall, late of Smethport, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Nellie Bridge Hall, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay. NELLIE BRIDGE HALL, P. O. Smethport, Pa. Administratrix. Dated December 26th, 1904.



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPROUT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brotherton's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES, COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1oo per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 5, 1905.

Announcement,

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

BURT MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 3, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL,

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

MICHAEL MILLER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township subject to the usages of the Republican party.

MICHAEL HERZOG.

Gov. HIGGINS of New York has appointed N. V. V. Franchot as State Superintendent of Public Works. Mr. Franchot is a well known Glean man and conducted Gov. Higgin's campaign last fall. He will have charge of the construction of the new $101,000,000 barge canal, and his salary is $6,000 per year.

PHILANDER C. KNOX of Pittsburg, the appointee of Gov. Pennypacker as United States Senator to succeed the late M. S. Quay, was unanimously nominated to succeed himself at a joint caucus Monday night of the Republican members of the Senate and House. The Republicans are in an overwhelming majority in both bodies and Mr. Knox's nomination is equivalent to an election.

AT the head of this column will be found the announcement of Michael Herzog for nomination for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Herzog has served as Supervisor during the past two years and has made one of the best supervisors Keating township ever had. He has worked faithfully in the interests of the taxpayers both in giving them good roads and saving their money, as all who are acquainted with the facts know. He deserves to be and in all probability will be renominated an re-elected by a large plurality.

THE death of Brevet Brigadier General Edward R. Warner, U. S. A., retired, occurred in New York on Monday. Heart disease was the cause of death which was very sudden. His home was in Montrose, Pa. Gen. Warner was 69 years old and was graduated from West Point in 1856. He became second lieutenant in 1858 and first lieutenant in 1861. On the staff of Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery of the army of the Potomac, Gen. Warner rose to the rank of colonel and at the close of the war was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers. He also served as lieutenant colonel of the First New York artillery. The general became a captain in the regular establishment in 1895 and a major in the first artillery in 1897, in which year he retired.

THE announcement of Burt McAllister appears in this issue of the MINER as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. McAllister has been a resident of Bradford for the past 28 years and is one of the best known citizens of the county. He served one term as a member of the Bradford councils and for ten years was chief of the fire department of that city. Recently he was appointed deputy sheriff by Sheriff Mays and is now located in this place. He is an energetic and capable man to fill the office of Sheriff and by his genial and pleasing ways has made many friends throughout the county, especially among volunteer firemen, who are confident of his success and will put forth their best efforts to accomplish the nomination and election.

IN to-day's MINER will be found the announcement of Geo. W. Mitchell's candidacy for Sheriff of McKean county. Mr. Mitchell has been a resident of this county for the past twenty-eight years. He was for years engaged in the mercantile business in Tarport (now East Bradford) and later identified with the oil business, continuing to reside in East Bradford until January, 1894, at which time he moved to Smethport to assume the duties of Prothonotary, from which position he retired two years ago. Since that time he has filled the office of superintendent of the Smethport Gas Co. In each and every position in which he has been placed he has shown himself a capable and conscientious man. His abilities in various directions together with his courteous and obliging treatment of persons with whom he came in contact have gained for him a richly deserved popularity among the voters of the county. He has a wide circle of warm personal friends. Mr. Mitchell is a staunch Republican and has distinguished himself as an active worker for the good of the Grand Old Party. His thorough fitness and general popularity will make him a formidable candidate for the office to which he aspires.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 31, 1904.

A few of the members of the lower house of Congress who are interested in the administration of the Panama canal announce that they have studied out a way to reduce the number of the Canal Commissioners, and possibly to abolish the Commission altogether. They declare that they have a powerful ally in the President, whose views regarding the commission have been considerably modified by the report of Col. Symons who states that after a visit to the Isthmus and a thorough examination of the conditions there he considered the system of administration awkward and inefficient. The law as it stands gives the commissioners practically continuous tenure. The right is reserved to the President to remove the Commissioners, and it is plain that he could reduce the Commission by removing them and refusing to appoint others in their place, but since it was the Senate which insisted on the commission and recommended the appointment of the officers it is not likely that he would make use of this privilege. However, the law for the administration of affairs in the canal strip expires at the close of the present session of Congress and members of the House, it is said, will take advantage of the necessity for re-enactment to urge a provision to extend the power of the chief engineer and to curtail that of the commission. If the sentiment of the Senate should be too strongly opposed to this the whole subject could be thrown into conference for compromise. Col. Hepburn, chairman of the Interstate commerce committee is one of the most earnest advocates for a reorganization of the system of administering canal affairs, and is pretty solidly backed by his committee, the members of which visited the Isthmus in a body last summer. The result of that visit was the unanimous opinion that Chief Engineer Wallace was the most competent man the Government had in its employ there and that he should be given the fullest power possible in the conduct of affairs.

Among the recent callers at the White House was Representative Robert Hitt who would like to be the successor of General Porter as Ambassador to France. Mr. Hitt was first secretary of the American legation in Paris in 1871 and now that he has acquired wealth and honors in his own country he would like to return to the gay city. That its gayety makes an appeal is doubtful for Mr. Hitt has reached the uncertain age of seventy odd summers, and is in poor health. These disadvantages, it will be remembered, were urged against him last summer, when his name was suggested for the vice presidency. Mr. Thomas Walsh, the Colorado millionaire, has also been talked of as the next ambassador to France, where he made many friends by his lavish entertaining during the last exposition, but altogether the chances for the appointment are with George L. Meyer of Massachusetts, now Ambassador to Italy, who is a personal friend of the President. Either of these three men have the means to establish and maintain a fine establishment in Paris, where though the charm of social life is great the expense is greater and a fortune behind one's salary is necessary for the position.

The interest in the President's appointments in all classes increases daily. Now that the cabinet places are filled attention turns to the assistant secretaries of departments, and there are as many persons convinced of their fitness for these positions as there are for the higher ones in the cabinet. In fact the assistant secretaryships are in many respects the more desirable place. The salaries paid to the assistant secretaries range from $4,500 to $7,000 a year, and the prestige is considerable. On the other hand an assistant secretary, if he desires, may live modestly without being exposed to criticism. It is not necessary that he should have an expensive establishment in a fashionable locality or that he should entertain in an official way. Indeed he can live simply and some of the assistant secretaries manage to live within their salaries and save something. Of course, there are among the wives of these officials who have cards engraved with the titles Mrs. third assistant secretary of Blank Smith and who drive from house to house in the carriage furnished by the government frantically "doing" society, but these are the exception, and a great number of the applicants will seek the places for the money that can be saved from the salary, with the added advantage of living in a city where their children may be educated.

Among the twenty-three Assistant Secretaries now in office the greater number served also under President McKinley and were of his selection. Of these it is said many will be retained for the President is averse to changing for the mere sake of giving some one else a berth but there will be still for various reasons, a number of vacancies which he will have to fill with his own men. It is a frequent remark among those disposed to criticise the President that he is not a very good judge of men and that he has been generally less fortunate in his appointments than Presidents who were not so brilliant and versatile. If this has been the case with his selections among the assistant secretaries it cannot be asserted that having seen a mistake he is reluctant to acknowledge it for among those who will be disposed of are several who were his own appointees during the last three years.

Since the marriage of Miss Mary Leiter in Washington and Lord Curzon, the present viceroy of India, the marriages of the Leiter family have been affairs of national importance. For the past six years a society article has been hardly complete, unless it announced a rumor of the engagement of one or the other of the daughters. Now though society will no longer have its anxieties about these wealthy and attractive girls for within a month both have married Englishmen thereby transferring nearly the whole of the great fortune of the late Levi Z. Leiter to Great Britain. The eldest daughter was quietly married at the magnificent Washington home a few weeks ago to Major Colin Campbell of the British army and the wedding of Miss Daisy Leiter to the Earl of Suffolk took place last week. By the death of Mr. Leiter in the summer both of the young ladies became mistresses of their fortunes and the kindly voice of gossip whispers that the suits of the Englishmen culminating in these two quiet weddings were pushed with irresistible impetuosity from that time.

Fall and Winter Shoes.

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903

2 SHIRTS FOR 75c

If you want THE BEST 50 cent or 75 cent shirt look for this label, "PRINCELY" or "EMPORER." They are made of fine madras and will neither shrink nor fade in washing, and are as good as many $1.00 Shirts.

To reduce an overstock of these shirts you can secure a genuine Shirt Bargain

2 FOR 75c

WE ADVERTISE ONLY FACTS.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

Christmas and New Year's Greeting to our many friends and customers:

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

For enjoying your feasts buy

WALNUTS
MIXED NUTS
NAVEL ORANGES
CANDY

Our stock of fancy groceries was never so complete as now and I solicit a share of your trade.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES
AND
PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

The Agency for
Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Book Case
Is Located in
McCoy's Drug Store.

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

And we say to our many, many friends
A HAPPY, HAPPY NEW YEAR
and here's hoping 1905 may have naught but happiness in store for you.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF STOCK AT STORE OF D. C. YOUNG.

To those who are interested in bargains would say, that I have arranged a bargain counter in my store and many things will be sold at cost and even less to close out the stock, and make room for new spring goods.

I would particularly mention a lot of felt shoes, slippers, etc. Any one interested will be welcome to look over these goods whether they buy or not, and you will undoubtedly find many things which can be used at greatly reduced prices.

This will only last while the Inventory is going on.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 4, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

It Isn't Too Early
To Think About
Boys' Clothes
Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Cor. 1 Story

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

The Lindholm Company

DRY GOODS CLOAKS FURS CARPETS SHOES

MID-WINTER

CLEARANCE SALE.

SEVEN DAYS ONLY

BEGINNING SAT. JAN. 7. ENDING SAT. JAN. 14.

IMMENSE VALUES ALL OVER THE STORE THESE DAYS. ALL LINES OF SEASONABLE WINTER MERCHANDISE GO NOW, WHEN TWO OF THE COLDEST MONTHS ARE COMING, AT PRICES THAT WE WEREN'T AT ALL CAREFUL IN CUTTING AS YOU WILL SEE BY VISITING THIS STORE.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

Satisfaction guaranteed on every purchase.

"Real Economy" Gas Ranges.

THE NEW WAY

Why break your back operating "old fashioned" "low-oven" Gas Ranges? "Real Economy" Gas Ranges have "Elevated Oven and Broiler." No stooping nor bending necessary to operate. THINK IT OVER.

The "Real Economy" is the original Elevated Oven Gas Range.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 5, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—School opened Tuesday morning after a week's vacation.

—The Lindholm Co. are advertising a big clearance sale this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McCoy, this morning, a daughter.

—Many of our exchanges observed the "time honored custom" by not issuing last week.

—Big reductions are offered on ladies furnishings in Mrs. Hinman's advertisement in this issue.

—McCoy's Drug Store has the agency for the Globe-Wernicke book case. Read their advertisement.

—The new advertisement of D. C. Young this week tells of extra good bargains during his inventory sale.

—A January clearing sale is advertised by Fry & Comes this week. They offer rare bargains in furs and blankets.

—According to a story going the rounds Constable "Billy" Jones has discovered a new method of exterminating cats.

—A recent census of the borough of Galeton gives that place 4218 inhabitants, a gain of 700 within the past year.

—A dance was given at the K. O. T. M. Hall, Newerf, Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blacklock of Buffalo.

—O. K. Hall, formerly connected with a telephone exchange at Bradford and well known throughout the county, died Friday at Pittsburg.

—The Robert Burns club held a very pleasant dancing party at the hose house last Friday evening. Miss Lucy Wright presided at the piano.

—"Leroy S. Chadwick, M. D., formerly of Smethport, Sundayed in Cleveland," said Monday's Bradford Era, whereat we laughed right merrily.

—Send $1.25 to the MINER and you will receive it with The New York Tribune Farmer, the best agricultural family weekly in the United States, for a full year.

—An alarm of fire brought out the firemen last Friday afternoon. A blaze in a dwelling house on East street was the cause. The fire was extinguished without the necessity of "laying hose."

—The Mt. Jewett Clay Co., recently organized, will soon erect a mill for the crushing of clay, which will be supplied to the steel, glass making and other industrial lines where a superior article is needed. Frank S. Baker, formerly of Smethport, is sole agent for the concern.

—Meet your friends "In Old Virginia" at the Lyceum theatre next Tuesday evening. Our best local talent has been engaged and the play will be put on in first-class shape.

—Attorney Robert L. Edgett, who recently departed from Bradford to investigate the western oil fields, has decided to open an office for practice of his profession in Bartlesville, I. T. His friends in this city will wish him success.—Bradford Record.

—B. F. Starkey, who has been one of the leading and successful business men of Hazelhurst for a number of years, is closing out his business there preparatory to seeking new fields. "Ben" is a hustler and his many friends wish him success wherever he may be.

—Morris Herron, for many years a resident of Bradford and one of the most widely known business men of the county, died at his home at 22 Boylston street Thursday, Dec. 29, 1904. He was aged 66 years and is survived by his widow and three daughters.

—The members of the P. H. C. installed officers for the ensuing year Tuesday evening and celebrated the event by serving elegant refreshments and indulging in various amusements. Members from neighboring towns were present and everybody had a good time.

—A popular cantata, "The Crowning of Christmas," will be given at the Methodist church Thursday evening, Jan. 12th. New Year's Day, Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, Children's Day, Independence Day and Thanksgiving Day compete with Christmas for the crown.

—Keep your money in circulation. Don't salt it away. Pay your debts as fast as you can. Have patience with one another. Buy your goods of your home merchant. Encourage home industries and home enterprises and give the home mechanics all the work you have to let out.—Ex.

—Henry Fields of Marvin creek, and Miss Lucy Burroughs of Hazelhurst, were united in marriage at Portville, Friday, Dec. 23rd, the pastor of the M. E. church of that place officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Fields have established themselves at Hazelhurst, where they will make their home.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Robert Armstrong and E. C. Underwood were recently arrested at Du Bois on the charge of robbing the postoffice at Force, Elk County. The arrest was made by Postoffice Inspector Emmons of Bradford and Deputy Marshal Owens of Pittsburg. The men will be held for trial before the United States court to convene at Erie next Monday.

—The Supreme Court of the State has reversed the judgment of $21,000 awarded E. J. Quigley of Oil City, against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and has ordered the case retried. Mr. Quigley is well known in Bradford. He was injured in a wreck near Siverly. Judgment was affirmed in the case of Stewart H. Simpson of Oil City, injured in the same wreck, for $41,000.—Bradford Era.

—All members of the Smethport Hose Co. are requested to be present at the regular meeting Friday, Jan. 6, 1905, at 7:30 p. m. Business of importance to be transacted. F. F. Riggall, foreman.

—Samuel Schoolmaster, a 12-year-old boy, who resides with his parents near the west line of the borough, met with a serious and painful injury Saturday last. The boy was on a sled hitched to a pair of bobs and just how the accident occurred cannot be learned. Dr. Burg Chadwick attended the sufferer and said last night indications were that the boy would completely recover.

—"In Old Virginia" will be the attraction at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. This beautiful drama will be produced by home talent, practically the same cast that made such a hit in "The Young Wife" and the specialties by several of our young ladies will add much to this attraction. Mr. Payne, who is drilling the young people, is highly pleased with the way they are progressing.

—The condition of Rev. P. Cosgrove is reported much improved. On Friday of last week he suffered from a severe hemorrhage and has since been under a physician's care. Rev. Cosgrove has resided at the residence of James McKean on East Main street since the fire that destroyed St. Elizabeth's church and the parochial residence. The community in general hope for his early and complete recovery.

—Augustus Beach of Belmont was walking along the Shawmut line of construction one day last week, with his arms laden with bundles. He stubbed his toe and fell near a gang of Italian laborers, who grabbed up his bundles and made off as fast as they could, jabbering excitedly in their native language. Mr. Beach gave chase and succeeded in catching one and was about to administer the severe thrashing he thought the man deserved, when a terrific explosion occurred. Glancing back he saw the place whereon he had fallen go sailing skyward. The Italians were blasting at that point and were simply helping Mr. Beach to get out of danger and telling him to hurry up.

Death of Paul Wendel.

Paul Wendel, whose death occurred Dec. 28th at Olean, came to McKean county about the year 1854, when it was all a wilderness and cleared a farm at Colegrove. There he lived and thrived until eighteen years ago. He sold his farm to N. W. Heinneman and moved to Olean where he has since resided. Three years ago his wife was taken away and since then he had made his home with his eldest daughter. About two months ago he began to fail and three weeks ago the family was called, all thinking the end had come, but he revived and the children left for their homes. At 4:30 p. m. on Saturday, Dec. 24, he breathed his last. During the eighteen years he lived in Olean he had built a large circle of friends and he was a steady member of the German Lutheran church. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Swedish Republican League Meets.

The Swedish Republican League of McKean county held its annual meeting Friday afternoon at Lunden hall in Mt. Jewett. Eighty-four delegates were present from all parts of the district, including Bradford, Kane, Port Allegany, Ludlow and Clermont. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Gus Mellander of Mt. Jewett; vice president, B. M. Johnson of Port Allegany; secretary, Carl Engstrom of Kane; treasurer, G. A. Carlson of Bradford; executive committee, John O. Sonberg of Bradford, Albert Peterson of Kane, A. W. Peterson of Ludlow, A. M. Johnson of Port Allegany and Chas. Lunden of Mt. Jewett. A quantity of business of a routine character was transacted. The political situation was thoroughly discussed.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 31, 1904:

Harry Bigelow, B. Champlin, W. H. Davis, Mrs. A. B. Hussey, D. J. Leahey, Miss Belle Martin, Miss Ethel Miles, J. A. O'Dell, Bonacors Rodolfo, Herb Townsend, Harley Tuller.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Wanted

A number of good work teams to draw chemical wood for the Hazelton Estate, Sloighs furnished if wanted. Current prices paid. Inquire of H. E. Linquist, Hazelton Farm, Marvindale, Pa.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 82x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickering's. Inquire of John L. Rood, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Electric light [illegible] the whole year around, from $1.00 up. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

F. G. Lindholm visited Kane Monday.

Dr. John Clark was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

J. B. Ovitt of Norwich was in town yesterday.

Waldo Sasse passed New Year's day with Kane friends.

Frank Anderson of Hazelhurst was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Clinton G. Boyd of Bradford had business in town the first of the week.

Miss Edith Richardson of Batavia, N. Y., is visiting Miss Edith McGuier.

Roy Moorehouse returned on Monday from a visit with friends in Bradford.

Will Fry returned Monday from a brief visit with his parents in Buffalo.

Mrs. Mary Masser and daughter, Miss Nellie, were visitors in Olean over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hungiville were Bolivar visitors the latter part of last week.

Richard Koenig of Olean, N. Y., was the guest of his parents in this place the forepart of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blacklock and daughter of Buffalo are visiting relatives and friends at Newerf.

Misses Sophia McGavisk and Mayme Noonan of Olean, who were guests of the Misses Conley, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. W. O. Hamlin and children departed for New York City last Friday where they will make their future home.

L. D. Cleveland, James Gilfillan and John Hanlon left Monday for Pedee, S. C., on Monday, where they will be employed.

S. F. Redfield and Miss Ruth Forrest departed Monday for Georgia where they will visit various points during the next few weeks.

Geoffrey Mayo and Charles McCoy have returned to Cornell College after spending the holiday vacation with their parents here.

E. T. Newman, who has been spending the Christmas vacation with Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Young, returned to Cornell college on Monday. He says he is going into the long distance races this spring and we expect he will give a good account of himself.

For Sale.

I will sell my half interest in the Palmer & Vickery livery stable at a reasonable price for cash or approved paper. Inquire of F. J. VICKERY, Smethport, Pa.

Try the Aenie Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, January 10,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES PAYNE,

ASSISTED BY THE

SMETHPORT DRAMATIC CLUB.

WILL PRESENT

"IN OLD VIRGINIA"

A DRAMA OF INTENSE INTEREST. A LOVE STORY OF THE SOUTH.

SEE THE GYPSIES THE RACE SCENE THE DUEL

MANY PLEASING SPECIALTIES.

Prices 25, 35 and 50c

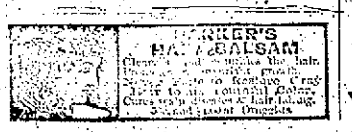
Seats on sale Monday morning at Wells' Drug Store.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport



BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c — MONARCH SHIRTS $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

January Clearance Sale.

We're getting ready for stock taking and after the arrival of Spring Goods, the new white and colored Wash Stuffs and all else that goes with spring selling we'll require more space than usual this year so we commence early on the things which smack of winter.

With so much of the winter before us these very special prices mean exceptional economy.

FURS 1-4 OFF REGULAR PRICES

There's a few of the best pieces left in Opposums, Foxes and Mink sets. At this reduction you will need to be prompt.

Children's Boas, 38c upward. Ladies Scarfs, 16c upward.

BLANKETS

75c Cotton Fleece Blankets @ 56c.

$5 All-Wool Blankets, white, gray, scarlet and plaid @ $3.85

LACE AND EMBROIDERY SPECIAL.

We have placed one lot of real Laces and Embroideries on a table for a quick sale. Laces ⅓ off regular prices. Embroideries ⅓ off.

FRY & COMES.

FROM MILL DIRECT TO RETAILER.

A COLD HORSE NEEDS A WARM BLANKET.

We believe we offer here better values for the price than you can get anywhere else. A "look in" at our stock will convince you of that, and as we guarantee every one you take no risk of losing anything by it.

Your order will please us and we will please you.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing elsewhere.

DIAMONDS

Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES

All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

Hawkes' Cut Glass,

Genuine Bronzes,

Silk Umbrellas,

Beautiful Opera Glasses

BELL PHONE 473. BELL PHONE 473.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

During this month we will give Great Reductions on all Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Children's Fur Sets, Ladies' Skirts, Flannel Waists, Infants' Cloaks, Silk, Wool or Bearskin Hoods. In fact, all winter goods must be closed out at a great sacrifice.

All Millinery sold regardless of cost.

Elegant trimmed hats at about one-half regular price.

Now is your chance to prepare for the winter with little money.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS 10c. NEW IDEA MAGAZINES 5c.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT PA.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1904, by Frank H. Sweet

Two of the trains had already pulled up the company's wharf to the main line, and a third was sending out its last signalling whistle when a girl hurried down track 9 with a basket covered by a napkin, evidently containing a lunch.

Messenger 10 was swaying unsteadily at the open door of a car, and the girl went straight to him, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed. But as she drew near she suddenly recoiled, a look of terror coming to her face.

"Ben," her white lips tried to say, but no sound came from them.

The man passed a hand across his brow weakly, holding to the car by the other. The girl went a step nearer.

"What does it mean?" Her voice quivered hoarsely. "Oh, Ben!"

Something of the agony in the cry seemed to penetrate the man's dulling brain for a tremor went through him and he straightened suddenly, as though by a great effort. The dull eyes opened and shut heavily, and again the hand passed across the forehead as though to force some intelligence into the closed brain. Then:

"I-don't speak like that, girlie," an unrecognizable voice stumbled. "I'm not drunk. I never drunk a drop in my life. You know I—speak true. It's a d-rug," his voice drifting back again into the stupor.

The girl was beside him with a swift movement, the basket thrust into the car, her hands placed firmly upon his shoulders, her eyes close and gazing straight into his, lovingly, compellingly.

"Ben," the voice forcing itself into calmness and steadiness, "look at me now, Ben. What is it? Think!"

The man made a supreme effort.

"It was messenger 12—Timson, you know."

She knew. She had sensed Timson's love.

"He offered me a drink of water, and I took it. Then he crossed to track 3 and jumped on board his train. It was the one that I—was—on."

"But what did he do it for?"

"Don't you understand, Bess?" a sharp note crept into the voice. "This trip was to furnish the money for our wedding. Timson knew it. He planned it just before my train starts, so I'll lose the trip. There is a chance to pull a spare one. My train will go without me, and the company will be angry and discharge me for drunkenness, and—and" his eyes grew more dull and his form swaying more heavily—"and I'm losing—it. I can't see you. Quick, girlie, that the manager and—all that I isn't drunk. A—a" disheartened messenger cannot get work anywhere."

He lurched forward and would have fallen, but she caught him in her strong, soft arms.

A quick glance both ways showed no one was in sight. The front train on track 5 was just leaving the wharf and 6, was sounding its last warning call. Half carrying and half leading him, she hurried messenger 10 to the utmost endeavor, only a few yards away. Several drays were standing about waiting for a job. She skimmed hopelessly to the owner of the nearest.

"Liston, Ben," she said slowly, placing her lips close to the ears of the now almost insensible man in an effort to make him hear and comprehend. "I am going to send you home. You mustn't worry a bit. I will fix it all right." He was holding his train papers tightly, and she unclasped them gently from his fingers. Then as the draymen came forward: "Take this man to his home at once. 12 Rue Citronelle. Here is a dollar."

Inside she again glanced shortly around. A hack was running in her direction, heading toward the rear of the train. She recognized him as a friend of Ben's.

"Hello, Miss Delia!" he called. "Come to see Ben off again, have you? He's a lucky dog. But you must excuse my hurry. This train pulls out in three minutes, and I must reach my section."

Delia could hear her heart thumping in its anxiety.

"Your section is in the rear, I suppose?" she questioned, with assumed carelessness.

"Yes"—over his shoulder—"the fifteen rear cars. I'm messenger 28. Ben is the forward twenty cars. I switch off at Memphis for Jefferson City and Ben goes on to Columbus!"

As he hurried away Delia's face cleared. She had learned all she wanted to know. Placing her hands upon the edge of the car she gave a light spring and was within, sliding the door quickly behind her. A few moments later her own bell rang, and then the car began to move forward.

She had never been on a train before, never been out of New Orleans, but her father had been a passenger, and Ben had many times told her the details of his trip. She must manipulate the ventilators of her twenty cars so as to have the heat just right to bring the banana to prime, marketable condition when she reached her destination. A few degrees too much either way might mean the loss of a good many thousand dollars to the company.

It was a hard trip for the cuticle. Thermometer rose from 31 degrees to 70 degrees in six hours, and the next morning was back again to 31 degrees and falling. It meant a constant shifting of the ventilators with an impossibility of keeping the car thermometer free from fluctuating records. Your weather would—now and then—be intolerable. For it on the ventilators could have remained closed and the fruit would generate enough heat of its own. That night and the next day Delia did not trust herself to sit down once, for fear she might get drowsy and momentarily relax her vigilance. Too much depended upon obtaining the best results just now.

She was careful to keep herself out of sight, and this she was able to do the more readily on account of the fruit train making few stops. At Memphis the rear section was switched off to connect with a train west, and her own was attached to a train which had just pulled in from Galveston, the engine returning to New Orleans with a lot of empty cars.

A few hours later, at a watering stop, the new conductor caught sight of her as he was hurrying along the train. She was just sliding the door, but too late.

"Hello," he cried, pausing, "a woman—tramp!"

Delia slid back the door.

"No, sir," she answered quietly, holding up the papers she had taken from Ben. "I am in charge of this section. I haven't had a chance to see you before."

The conductor gave a long whistle which ended in an involuntary cough. But his face toughened visibly.

"What's the confounded drinking of?" he ejaculated hotly. "Next we know girls will be put in as conductors and firemen and engineers." And he hurried away, still choking resentfully.

Seven days later Delia entered the company's office at New Orleans. The manager himself happened to be in, and he seemed to recognize her by the papers she carried in her hand. He came forward quickly. But at that moment a figure which had been loafing about the street door—a white, anxious faced man who had been peering into the office most of the time for the last eight days—also saw her and rushed in. She turned to him first.

"How are you, Ben?" she asked eagerly. "All right?"

"Yes, yes! But you? What have you been up to, girlie? The office has been full of talk!"

The manager was beside them now.

"Is this Miss Delia?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. Here are the receipts your commission agents gave me. They said the fruit was in prime condition."

The manager glanced over the papers hurriedly.

"Yes, yes; they're all right," he said. "But we knew that before. Our agents wired us that the fruit was in the very best condition—as good as they had ever received. I'd hardly know what to do about this. It's a most unheard thing, and should receive most severe censure, and yet you did as well as any boss could—better almost. I suppose we shall have to pass it over. But such a thing must never happen again. No," as her gaze went inquiringly toward Ben, "we have not discharged him. He may go on the next trip. And you—well, it was a most unlawful thing, but I suppose you did the best you could under such circumstances. You may stop at the cashier's window for your money. And—yes, there's a little recognition for you from us also. You saved us from a possible great loss. (But remember the penalty which is commensurate with your services!"

He Was Under.

Robert S. Hawker, who was known as the vicar of Morwenstowe, and a poet of no mean ability, was beloved by his parishioner, a very learned and religious man. In the church, where this old gentleman preached the evening service always closed with the *Hist hymn, Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing*, which was composed by Dr. Hawkes himself. His grandson, who did not know the authorship of the hymn, came to the doctor one day with a paper in his hand, saying:

"Grandfather, I don't altogether like that hymn 'Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.' I think it might be improved in meter and language and that it would be better if it were somewhat longer."

"Oh, indeed," said Dr. Hawkes, reddening. "And pray, Robert, what improvements commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?"

"This is my improved version," said Robert. And he read aloud a very creditable hymn, after which he repeated the old version, saying innocently, "This one is crude and flat, don't you think so, grandfather?"

"Crude and flat, sir? Young puppy, it is mine! I wrote that hymn!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, grandfather. I didn't know that. It's a very nice hymn indeed, but," as he went out of the door, "mine is better!"

A Garbled Message.

At the last moment Mr. Gayley found he could not attend the garden party at Miss Fenton's house, and it was, of course, imperative that he should send his regrets, so he summoned Michael, the family gardener.

"Tell Miss Dessie that I am very sorry, but business will prevent me coming," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Michael.

"And—stay a moment," said Gayley, "could you remember a line of poetry?"

"Certainly, sorr."

"Well, tell her 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

Half an hour later Michael was delivering his message to Miss Fenton.

"The master said it's sorry he is he can't be wid ye," said Michael, "and—and, thought he's lost his sight, his memory's clear. And may I be forgiven for the untruth I'm tellin' ye!"—London Globe.

Mislaid.

"I mislaid $250 last night."

"Touch luck. Can't you think where you put it?"

"Yes. I know. I laid it on the wrong card."—Cleveland Leader.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

THE REDEMPTIONERS.

Miseries of Those Who Got Into Debt in Olden Times.

In Daniel De Foe's time debtors were frequently compelled in seeking means to extricate themselves from their embarrassments to consent to anything if they thereby could avoid the horrors of the debtors' prison. In many cases they took advantage of a custom that in one form or another had a sanction of antiquity, and being generally able bodied men they placed themselves in the hands of some merchant or agent, who, having effected an arrangement with the creditors, took possession of the unfortunate debtors and, hurrying them to the nearest seaport, shipped them abroad, generally to Virginia or Maryland, as so much merchandise. Sometimes the dealer accompanied his cargo in order, if possible, to obtain a better price at the end of the voyage.

Arrived at their destination, the captives—to give them their real name—were sold to any planter whose offer would recoup the agent for the sum he had expended in purchase and transit and also allow him a handsome profit. By the terms of this sale the captive was bound to serve his new master for several years, his liberty being nominally secured at the end of that period, and from the hope of redemption and deliverance thus held out to him the term "redemptioner" came to be applied to these unfortunates.

But any hopes that the redemptioner might cherish of his ultimate liberation soon proved fallacious, and he found himself plunged into fresh embarrassments long before his period of servitude had expired.

Charges were made upon him for clothing, for tobacco, even for the necessaries of life—charges which he had no means of meeting, however good his inclination—and too late he found that he had in fact become a slave without money, without rights and without hope. Such friends as he had were in England and probably had forgotten him altogether. Perhaps if even they remembered him they were without the means of assisting him, and the chance of money reaching the individual for whom it was intended was in those days very small. Pacific railways and "ocean greyhounds" were unknown in the "good old times," and communication was slow and insecure.

Some of these redemptioners were of course more fortunate than others and had friends and connections more powerful and more kindly disposed, and such often ultimately effected their freedom. But these were the exceptions and generally speaking the unhappy victim labored on from year to year, his "redemption" receding further and further into the distance till at last death put an end to his sufferings.—Chambers' Journal.

Hard on Art.

The storekeeper in a certain small country town was noted for his shrewdness and for his contempt of everything that was not strictly utilitarian. One of his pet aversions was a young fellow in the town who posed as an artist and once had taken some lessons in painting at the nearest large city. Finally, however, the old man was prostrated by the discovery that the young man in his employ was not to be relied on for more than two days in the week, and he decided that if there were fools who wanted to spend their money on pictures and chromos, he might as well get it as any one else. The young painter heard of it and took down his latest production, hoping to find in Uncle Jonas a ready market for home talent.

"How much will you give me for it, Uncle Jonas?" he asked.

The old man squinted at it for a minute or two. "About $1.75, I reckon," he said.

"But, Uncle Jonas," the artist protested, "the canvas cost more than that."

"I guess it did," said the old storekeeper, "but you must remember, my son, that it was clean then."

Male Shoppers Preferred.

"Saleswomen would rather wait upon ten men customers than one woman," said a floor manager of experience. "There is no question but men make the best and most agreeable shoppers. They know what they want, are easily suited and are not fussy. They have a genial way that makes them easier to satisfy than women are. Their manners are not so stiff.

"No man ever creates a saleslight with a haughty stare. Men seldom haggle over prices. They only easily be persuaded to buy a higher priced article if they have the money, and you can convince them they are getting their money's worth. Men show good taste and judgment in buying articles they know little about. Their fondness for large sizes borders on the ridiculous sometimes. Shoes, gloves, shirts, they want them all with ample room.

"It is a pity most men seem to feel uncomfortable and out of place in a store. Persons who sell goods would like to see them oftener."—New York Press.

The Evolution of the Pen.

The patent office at Washington has a collection of pens that illustrates the difficulties with which men had to contend before they found a suitable instrument with which to write. There are the styluses used by the ancient, the instruments for writing on wax tablets, one end sharp like an awl, the other flat like a paper cutter. There are the brushes used by the Japanese and Chinese and quills of every variety, together with an infinite number of steel pens. But the most curious are some quill pens with steel points. They were made in an effort to do away with the constant necessity for the mending of the pen, a process that few could perform properly and that everybody hated. The effort was very ingenious, but unsuccessful, because the points could not be made to stay.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

HE LOVED THE THEATER.

Farces and Clowns Were the Joy of George III. of England.

Few men of any rank or time have ever derived so much unalloyed pleasure from the theater as George III. In fact, in the words of a contemporary, it was "as good as a play to hear the royal laughter and note the genuine enjoyment of his majesty." "He is said," Thackeray wrote, "not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much. Farces and pantomimes were his joy, and especially when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, 'My gracious, monarch, do compose yourself!' And he continued to laugh and at the very smallest farces as long as his poor wits were left him."

So frequent were George's visits to the theater that "his face was the most familiar in London to playgoers, who took no more notice of his presence than if he had been a simple citizen, except when his boisterous laughter drew attention to him and started others laughing out of irresistible infection." As familiar a spectacle as that of his majesty purple and rolling with laughter was to see him stepping as peacefully as a child between the acts.

So partial was he to actors that he pensioned and even solicited at liberties which he would have resented in any one else. On one occasion, when Parsons was playing in "The Siege of Calais," he left a walked toward the box in which George was sitting and addressed him in the words of his part: "As the king were here and did not admire my shield I would say." Hang him! He has not asked." a piece of impudence which threw his majesty into a fit of laughter.—London Tit-Bits.

PRONUNCIATION.

Read Over This Test and Then Consult Your Dictionary.

The following rather curious piece of composition was placed upon the blackboard at a certain teachers' institute and a prize of a dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made.

"A superstitious son of Bellal who has suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, benign and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a cabalistic and coeval necklace of a quincunxian fine and securing a suit of vivos at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as his confidant. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificial to his desires and sent a polite excuse or sverusal, the receiving which he pondered a sagacious and likewise keen, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the digeon and went to an isolated spot, severed his jubular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The desire was removed by the coroner."

The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Suggestions, Bellal, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, benign, docile, Malay, cutlippy, cabalistic, coeval, vivos, calligraphy, matinee, sacrificial, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jubular and desire.

The Triumphant Spider.

A little garter snake about five inches long went to sleep in a wheelwright shop, and a big black spider spun a web around the reptile. When the little snake awoke it was literally in the toils and began to struggle. It finally managed to free its body, but not its head. Meanwhile the spider was industriously spinning fresh threads, stopping occasionally to give the snake a bite. Then the real fight commenced and lasted for an hour. The snake could not get away, but it tried its best to bite the spider, without avail. Weakened by its futile efforts and the successive stings of the insect, it gradually ceased to struggle and finally died. Then the spider, presumably triumphant, disappeared under the wall.

The Buttered Side.

A woman who is a close observer of children was out walking in the country one day, she relates, when she saw a little girl with solemn big blue eyes sitting on a doorstep munching a huge slice of bread and butter. The only peculiarity about the operation was that she was holding the buttered side of the bread toward the ground.

"Why do you hold your bread and butter that way?" asked the lady.

"Cause," whispered the little maiden confidentially, "mamma says bread always falls butter side down, so if you hold it butter side down to start wif and then dwop it, why, of course, it falls butter side up."

Paid Her Back.

"Gracious, my dear," said the fast society belle spitefully, "I trust you're not ill! You look so much older tonight."

"Do I, dear?" the other replied sweetly. "I feel quite well. And you—how wonderfully improved you are! You look positively young!"

A Subtle Distinction.

"Did the critics like your performance of Hamlet?"

"The critics," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "liked it. But a large number of persons who assume to be critics did not."—Washington Star.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say "it will wear away." But in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C. B. Bell, Smethport.
Register—H. M. Chocte, Smethport.
Recorder—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; A. Johnson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tillie Gaylord, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; B. A. Ostrander, H. H. Boeckel, J. H. Gamble, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Vanhoes, N. H. Bauer.
Justices—B. L. Sheppard, E. G. Wilson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Annin, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—I. H. Freeman.
Auditors—I. C. Coolidge, N. B. Kinney.
Judges of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodges Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.

W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday in each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. J. CROATH, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 317, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Commander.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE BEECE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 188, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kenna Hall.

Z. D. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. E. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. FISHER, Com.
HOLDEN R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 340 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every first and third Wednesday, 3 p. m. at the M. E. Church.

Mrs. A. N. Peabody, President.
Mrs. Mary E. Fuller, Secretary.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. Coleman, Pres.
Alice Heatley, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 175, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss May Cowgill, W. M.
Mrs. Rose Malcolm, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. Ashley, S.
L. K. Hogarth, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, D. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 3 p. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The manse for preacher, in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania Railroad

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

For Clermont, Ridgway, Driftons and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days, 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north,

Train 123, week days, 4:00 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION.

EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Mauch Chunk, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 8:05 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:45 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 8:05 p. m. Washington 8:10 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:30 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and intermediate stations, Driftons, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie, and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 65, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

Miles	STATIONS	Hours
		A M P M
2.21	Ar. Keating Lv.	11 50
2.40	Johnsonburg	11 30
2.5	Ridgway	11 15
3.05	Ar. Lv.	11 00
3.2	Ar. Lv.	11 00
3.20	Ar. Lv.	10 55
3.29	Ar. Lv.	10 52
3.47	Ar. Lv.	10 45
3.5	Ar. Lv.	10 40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie, and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 226, leaving Ridgway 12:30 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

E. J. TIMBERLY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Traffic Manager.
H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

Buffalo Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect Aug. 15th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:30 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie, and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 65, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

Miles	STATIONS	Hours
		A P M
2.21	Ar. Keating Lv.	11 50
2.40	Johnsonburg	11 30
2.5	Ridgway	11 15
3.05	Ar. Lv.	11 00
3.2	Ar. Lv.	11 00
3.20	Ar. Lv.	10 55
3.29	Ar. Lv.	10 52
3.47	Ar. Lv.	10 45
3.5	Ar. Lv.	10 40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie, and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 226, leaving Ridgway 12:30 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

E. J. TIMBERLY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Traffic Manager.
H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

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OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1904.

A.M. Eastward	STATIONS	Lv.	Westward P.M.
A.M.	A.M. P.M.	Ar.	Dp. A.M. P.M. A.M.
8.00	7.15 2.10	Ulysses	7.20 2.35 9.10
8.09	7.25 2.19	Cowell	7.27 2.37 9.18
8.20	7.37	Carpenter	7.31 9.30
8.28	7.45	Perkins	7.37 9.36
7.37	6.45 1.50	New Old June	7.37 2.42 9.32
7.30	6.40 1.45	Newfield	7.41 2.46 9.36
7.05	6.36 1.41	Gold	7.44 2.49 9.40
7.00	6.30 1.35	Raymond	7.49 2.55 9.47
6.55	6.21 1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01 3.06 10.02
6.43	6.17 1.20	Gelsburg	8.04 3.09 10.10
6.32	6.10 1.12	Frinks	8.12 3.17 10.20
6.25	6 1.05	N. Goods'pt	8 3.26 10.35
6.10	6.00 1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25 3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M. P.M.	Coudersport	P.M.
4.20	7.45 12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28 6.00 1.20
0	0 12.13	Hammond	0 0 0
4.05	7.36 12.09	Olmsted	8.34 6.05 1.31
3.59	7.35 12.05	Mina	8.37 6.20 1.37
3.45	0 11.59	Knowlton	0 6.17 0
3.40	7.25 11.55	Roulette	8.47 6.21 1.51
3.30	7.16 11.47	Burtville	8.54 6.28 2.01
3.23	0 11.41	Coleman	0 6.34 0
3.20	0 0	Chem. Works	0 0 0
3.15	7.05 11.30	Pt. Allegany	9.05 6.40 2.25
P.M.	P.M. A.M.	Dp.	Ar. A.M. P.M. P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

LOVE AND YOUTH

By MARJORIE HENDRICKS

Anna Whelan woke up with a start to the realization that as a summer girl she was not in the running.

For some time after the young people had tripped down the steps and across the lawn to the inn, where the musicians were already tuning up for the hop, she sat alone gazing unblinkingly out into the moonlit grove. Then a faint perfume stole over her shoulder and a well known voice sounded behind her.

"Oh, Miss Whelan, I am so glad to find you! We are trying to make up a game of bridge. You will play, won't you?"

"I am awfully sorry," said Anna, rising, "but I am a wretched player and always rouse the ire of my partner. Besides, I have a wee headache tonight, which would make me more than ordinarily stupid at the game. Some other time"—

"I hope you will feel better tomorrow. Is there anything I can do for you? Some salts"—

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Whelan, with a smile.

She wished she might have been more obliging. The invitation had come from one of the most popular women in the hotel, popular, but middle aged, and Anna Whelan was not ready to be middle aged. Alone again, she dropped back in her chair, leaned her head against the high wicker back and closed her eyes. And for this—to be left alone on the piazza—she had saved part of her salary all winter, had invested part of her savings in the quaintest of summer finery, had counted the days until her vacation began.

She recalled the enthusiasm with which she had heard the other girls plan for the stay at Wisconsin. There were six of them in all who lived in a bachelor maids' apartment in town, and for a month or more the one topic of conversation had been the sailing parties, the daily bath in the sea, the chameleon and the nightly hops for which Waukesha was famous. The girls had insisted that Miss Whelan come with them, and she now realized that they had done everything in order to make her one of them since they arrived at the shore. They had always dragged her into their merry making plans. She was with them, yet not of them, and she knew where lay the fault. It was in her years.

Her cheeks somehow had retained the delicate pink flush of girlhood, but the soft gray hair waved above her forehead told the bald truth of her years. Her pretty frocks were more dainty, more costly, than those worn by the girls around her, but Miss Whelan's taste in dress had always been good, and with advancing years she had adopted the more subdued colorings and simpler styles. Her summer wardrobe was that of a chaperon rather than that of a debutante. Yet at heart she was a summer girl. She felt as young and took as keen an interest in youthful pleasures as any eighteen-year-old girl. Sitting there in the moonlight, she realized that, once robbed of youth, a woman could not buy the lost treasure back at any price.

Her childhood had been narrow, penned in by poverty and an invalid mother, selfish and exacting. Death had carried away one burden, that of unappreciated nursing, only to lay upon her shoulders another, that of part housekeeper, part breadwinner. She had gone into a shop as cash girl and had attended to the household duties night and morning. When she was sixteen years old she sat up until nearly daybreak three nights in succession to set stitches in her sister's confirmation dress. The sister went through the high school, as did the younger brother, and while they studied Anna was steadily advancing in the store. When she became buyer for her department and took her first trip abroad it brought back the pink to her cheeks that died before her tenth birthday, but Anna was now three times ten.

On her return from Europe she found that the same disease which had wrecked her childhood and carried away her mother had again entered her home. This time it carried away in quick succession brother and sister. Anna found herself alone and lonesome. She fled to the bachelor maids' apartments for companionship and was made welcome by those girls ten years or more her junior. With them she had grown young again. She had almost forgotten the gray hair. It had taken the thoughtless boys in blue serge and white duck to drive the iron into her heart. They were nice to her because they knew that the girls would not forgive them if they were otherwise. But that was not youth and the right to be young and joyous and silly. Anna sat up very straight. She had become possessed of a sudden desire to giggle, yet many a time and oft she had reproached the little cash girls in her own department for giggling.

Laughter and music floated across the lawn. They hurt. She rose abruptly and fled to her room. The headache now was real. She tore off her pretty gown and flung it heedlessly across the bed and slipped into an easy flowing kimono. Then she sat down by the window, thinking bitterly that fate had cheated her out of the greatest thing, the joy of being young. Suddenly, as she sat in the quiet, the sound of a sob reached her ear. Something very like a patter of bare feet came to her from the hall. She sprang up and threw open her door. A small figure huddled against it fell in toward her.

"Oh, please, I'm so frightened all alone! May I come in?"

"You surely may," said Anna as she drew the shivering, weeping child into the room.

She recognized her now. It was the serious faced little girl who had a room two doors beyond. She had often seen her on the sand and on the porch with her nurse. It did not take Anna very long to learn that the child was motherless, in the care of a young and heedless aunt and an ignorant nursegirl. The former was absorbed in the social affairs at the inn and the latter in the gatherings in the servants' hall. Little Grace had been left quite alone in her room, and a strong draft had blown out the lamp, so that between the darkness and an ugly dream she had wakened up in terror.

That was the beginning of a new holiday for Anna Whelan. The nurse and young aunt had little to do from that time on save to provide for Grace's physical wants. Anna was her constant companion. She seemed determined to give this shy ten-year-old girl all the companionship, the sympathy, the simple, unaffected pleasures which had been denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in the moments when they were not together Grace, in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she know of the resentment which filled his soul against the well paid and heedless caretakers of his child and the curiosity regarding the girl with the gray hair and pink cheeks who was mothering his wee bairn, for Grace assured him in every way that Miss Whelan was quite as young as Aunt Hattie.

When he finally came down to spend a Sunday with his daughter his first step was to meet Anna. He smiled as his daughter gravely introduced her as "my friend, Miss Whelan." They were such an absurdly different couple and yet so very much alike in interests and pleasures. He found his gaze traveling constantly over the brown head of his daughter to the gray head of his new found friend, and he began to understand the letters better.

On Monday morning he did not go back to town, but told his sister Hattie that he had only just commenced to realize how the gulf had worn him down. He needed a week's rest.

Three nights later he was sitting in a sheltered corner of the veranda with Miss Whelan when two members of the elderly porch brigade strolled slowly by, talking in a high keyed voice which gave squarely to their secluded corner.

"You wouldn't have given her credit for being so clever. She probably knew the child's father was worth a million."

"No; I understand he is not worth anything of the sort. He is only a corporation lawyer, and I think she liked Grace for her own sake."

The two women passed out of hearing. The pink had died from Anna's face, leaving it tired and white. She rose unsteadily, but the man took her firmly by the arm and drew her back to her chair.

"Don't go, please. I know you care for Grace for her own sake. Do you think you could care for me for mine? I wanted to ask you this the first night."

Instinctively Anna's hand reached up to her hair.

"Oh, I couldn't! I've known you such a short time—people would talk—and—I'm really too old to have a love affair."

She did not speak bitterly, just simply, as if a thought long unspoken had found utterance. The man took both of her hands in his.

"My dear girl, love never grows old, and neither will you."

Mine Rats.

Every mine that has an entrance on the level is infested by rats, and there is no surer indication of a coming disaster than a general exodus of the rodents. As surely as the rats are seen leaving the mine, just so surely will a cave-in occur in the next day or two. Some miners are superstitious about the matter and fancy the rats are endowed with foresight, and so they are, but not of the kind that is commonly imagined.

A cave-in never takes place without warning. For days before a fall of any portion of the roof of the mine the earth and rocks are slowly settling into position for the grand crush. The rats feel the motion of the mass, probably hear the cracks that are caused by the settling of the layers, and imagine, if a rat can be supposed to have any imagination, that the earth is becoming alive, so they become panic stricken and rush out in swarms. It has often happened, both in this country and Europe, that the miners refused to go into a mine that the rats had deserted, and the caution was invariably justified by the event.

Density of Water.

A strange fact, in connection with water is that its point of greatest density is not the freezing point, as with all other liquids, but between the two extremes of its existence as a liquid, at 39.2 degrees F. From this point water necessarily expands with either decrease or increase of temperature.

At the boiling point the conversion of the liquid into gas steam is naturally accompanied by an enormous expansion, its volume increasing 1,700 times. But the behavior of water at the freezing point is as remarkable, owing to the peculiar crystalline formation of ice. The process of expansion is uniform from 39.2 degrees downward to 32 degrees. When that point is reached the temperature remains stationary during the loss of latent heat, but the expansion continues until, when ice becomes visible, it is seen to be bulkier than the water from which it was formed.

A TACTFUL GIRL.

The Way She Gave James a Lesson in Table Etiquette.

They were an engaged young couple and were having a quiet dinner while the band played alluring music. The girl was sweet and refined looking and the man big and strong. Her manners were perfect, but his left much to be desired as far as etiquette is concerned. After they had finished their meal an interested observer noticed that the big, wholesome man placed his knife and fork like the crossbones under the skull. With a blush the girl, whose own implements were placed correctly side by side, noticed the break.

"James," she said, with quick tact, looking all around among the tables, "did you ever notice that men and women eat differently? When a man finishes a meal he always places his knife and fork across each other, while a woman invariably places them side by side. It's funny, but I've often noticed it."

"Which is correct?" anxiously questioned her fiance while he gingerly toyed with the objects of comment.

"Why, placing them side by side, dear, of course," she said. "But, then, men are so busy that I suppose they have no time for such details." And then she became interested in the band leader, while the erring James slyly adjusted his knife and fork according to regulations.

"There's a woman who is going to change her husband without letting him know it," observed a sweet old lady who had overheard. "It all depends upon the way you do it whether you can get a man to come round."—Philadelphia Record.

MEN AND THEIR HAIR.

Peculiarities That Puzzle the Barber Who Notices Things.

The sensitive Parisian barber was finally induced to talk. He remarked: "I've noticed one peculiarity about my customers that I could never quite explain—the less hair a man has the more attention he pays to it.

"There's a man who comes in here nearly every week for a hair cut and if I shave him clean from the back of his head to the forehead you'd never think it possible that he's got a single hair on it. Next time you see him there will be a couple of dozen in his coils. We never touch it particular and unless it gets in our way and around the eyes I mind him, of course. I have a habit of sprinkling eau de cologne on my customer's hair and sprinkle it on the cloth I put on him, and then I rub the air gently for ten or fifteen minutes and make a great ado when I whisk him off.

"And when he leaves the chair and says he mustn't let it grow so long again I say it was pretty long. I hope the Lord will forgive me. Nine out of every ten of the baldheads are that way, but any one who've got plenty of hair will keep away from here until they look like edges of an old fashioned bayloft. It's curious, and, as I said, I never could account for it."—Providence Journal.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a yeare" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."

Age and Work.

Sir Walter Scott began to write his celebrated novels at forty. Milton began "Paradise Lost" at fifty. When "East Lynne," appeared its author, Mrs. Henry Wood, was forty-five. Cromwell was forty-one when he began his public career. The year of the begin was the fifty-third of Mohammed, and Marlborough reached his independent command at the same age. In spiritual examples Abraham was seventy-five when called of Charan, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion of Israel.

The Leading Hand.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now, but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's.—George Eliot.

Men's Ways.

"I assure you I'm always willing to acknowledge my faults when I see them."

"That's all right, but I'll bet you never acknowledge them when your neighbor sees them."—Philadelphia Press.

They Usually Do.

"So he's really dead. Well, he made a hard fight. If ever a man had an iron will he had."

"Yes, but I'll bet the lawyers will break it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Purity of heart is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the conception of sin is offensive.—Chalmers.

WITHOUT ANTECEDENTS

By OTHO B. SENGA

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They sat on the ground like children at a picnic, watching the clouds drifting and changing above them.

"It's like a picture gallery," said Miss Fairlie softly.

"So it is," assented the young ranchman heartily. "Let's choose pictures, as the children do. See, there's a beautiful maiden, robed in white. She's mine."

"Very well. You saw her first. Look, there's a house. That's mine."

"It's a ranch house, Dick," decidedly. "See how low and spread out it is; plenty of land, you see."

"It's all full of nooks and corners," dreamily, "and there are broad piazzas with vines growing all over them."

"Of course," with prompt assent. "That's the ideal house for a ranch. Look there, Miss Fairlie! See what is coming up to your piazza," as a smaller cloud rolled up tumultuously.

"That's a horse and rider, Mr. Rodgers," excitedly.

"Sure, it is you, just starting out for a ride over your ranch! See the veil on your hat?"

She laughed with almost childish enjoyment of the child's play at "make believe."

"There's another rider now. Let's see who that is."

They gazed earnestly at the passing cloud.

"I thought so," cried the man triumphantly, "it's me," with a dashing disregard of grammar, "it's me—on Sancho. We're going together over our ranch."

The woman's hand reached out instinctively as if to brush the clouds away, and the hand was promptly caught and held in a larger, stronger one.

"Let's make it true," he whispered earnestly. "Don't go back east again. Stay here and make it true."

She shook her head sadly.

"You don't like it here. You couldn't make it your home."

"I guess I do like it. I like everything about it. I never felt so near the sky"—"—never before so realized the warmth and comfort of the earth. To me the breadth of vision is fascinating. But my work lies elsewhere."

"What work?" gravely.

"Why, my work for—business—my life work."

"I suppose you mean your writing—your editorial work"—

"Certainly. I have no other."

"That is what you are doing for a livelihood, because you are brainy enough to be successful at it. But is that really your life work—the work to satisfy a woman's heart and bring rest and peace into her life? Look, dearest, that pretty knoll off there is just the place to build the rambling stone house, with nooks and corners and vines and piazzas. The land is mine as far as you can see on each side. You may have a dozen houses if you like."

"I should know you are Irish," with defensive evasion. "Such impetuosity!"

"My mother was Scotch," smiling winningly, "and you know pertinacity is a predominating characteristic of the Scottish people. Combine that with my Irish impetuosity"—

"It's a formidable combination," with a movement to arise.

"We're not going yet," putting out a detaining hand; "we're going to watch the sunset and talk about our house and plan about our wedding. I don't need to tell you that I love you, dear."

"But—but, you've known me only a month"—

"That's long enough to know that I love you."

"And I know nothing of your—your antecedents," hesitatingly.

"I haven't any," shortly.

"In New England," slowly, "one's antecedents count for a good deal."

The man laughed bitterly and then his face grew grave.

"Please sit down again, Miss Fairlie. I foresee a conflict between your eastern pride and prejudice and my western independence and intolerance, and I am not equal to it standing."

She yielded, not unwillingly.

"A man without antecedents"—she began.

"In this section of God's country," he interrupted firmly, "a man stands for just what he is. No one cares who his relatives are if he is square and white, and does the right thing here. Never mind my 'antecedents,' Agnes. Don't you love me?"

He put out his hand and softly touched a fold of her riding habit. She trembled at the suggestion of a caress in the tender touch.

"I wish you'd go away," she pleaded. "Won't you go away while I think it all out?"

The odd, boyish abruptness that had so often amused her came back again.

"Go away? Not much! I'll stay right here. I may be of great assistance to you in making up your mind."

She sat in troubled silence.

Presently he began speaking again, low and tenderly. "You have not said that you love me, Agnes, but I believe that you do"—

"I—I am afraid that I do," with something very like a sob in her voice. "I have often wondered how it would seem to—to care so much for some one as to wish to be with him always. Now I know"—

He controlled the wild impulses of his impetuous heart and only said gently, "I believe I can make you happy."

"There are some things," she interrupted, speaking slowly and with a painful effort, "that it is only right you should know. I—I think I am older than you."

"Yes," he assented calmly, "I knew that."

"You"—after a pause—"you are not more than thirty-five?" questioningly.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear, but you've got to cut off ten years. I'll be twenty-five next Thursday."

She gasped, recoiling as from a dash of cold water, and covered her face with slender, trembling hands.

"It's a shame, isn't it, sweetheart?" coaxingly. "But don't you mind. We don't need to hang our family record on the outside of the house, and my gray hair is so deceiving no one will suspect. Let's talk about the wedding—if it could be this week"—

"This week!" in startled consternation. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"When a man has lived a whole quarter of a century don't you think he ought to have a birthday gift—the one he wants? I want you, Agnes. We can be married then—there is no need of waiting—and we'll just run over to Frisco and take a trip somewhere—across the ocean perhaps," watching the averted face closely—"perhaps to Sydney to see Jack."

With a sharp cry of pain she turned a white, frightened face to his.

"Jack! What do you know of Jack?"

"Only good, dear one," soothingly. "Your brother is well and doing finely in his profession"—

"Do you know—all about Jack?" she whispered.

"Everything."

She was crying softly.

He put his arms about her and drew her to him with tender, comforting words.

"Look at me, sweetheart. Don't you know who I am? Think of that last day you saw Jack"—

She gazed long and earnestly into his face.

"Not Robert Boyle?" she cried at last.

"Robert MacNeal Boyle," he answered slowly, with a certain pride of ancestry in his voice. "My father never forgave me and so I came west. I reversed my name and am known here as MacNeal Boyle. Good old Colorado, Chadron the only ones who know the truth. I think I loved you from that day when you came to see Jack; you were so brave and true. When Dick Converse brought his Boston bride home and I learned she was your friend, I asked her to prevail upon you to visit her. I meant to win you if I could."

She touched his face softly with her finger tips.

"And you—you served"—

"I served a year in prison," firmly; "hence the white locks, sweetheart."

"A year that belonged to Jack"—she sobbed.

"There was no other way," he argued earnestly. "Jack wouldn't have lived a month shut up there in prison. It was only a bit of boyish bravado anyway, but the authorities were determined to make an example of some college fellow. Jack's sudden sickness gave me the chance to clear him and to help those stupid detectives prove it against me. They knew it was one of us. I've never regretted it, but that is why I have no antecedents, Agnes."

She put her arms about his neck and held her face against his. "You don't need antecedents, dear. I love you for what you are yourself."

Going to a Fire in China.

"I was in Peking," said an American tourist, "when a fire broke out a few doors below the house in which I was lodging, and at the first alarm I rushed out and into the burning structure to see what could be saved. I was at once arrested and later on discovered the Chinese way of fighting a fire.

"A policeman first required an affidavit of the head of the household to the effect that he did not deliberately set the blaze and for this purpose took him before an official half a mile away. A second was stationed to see that no one removed any furniture until the papers had been made out.

"After a lapse of forty minutes the firemen arrived. They looked at the burning house and decided that it was on fire. After much argument it was further agreed that it would be a waste of water to try to put out the flames. Two members who erected a ladder and climbed part way up were duly reproved for too much zeal and after the name, age and habits of the owner had been taken the fire department retired in good order.

"As the flames were unhindered, the house burned to the ground, and when the owner returned he was beaten by his neighbors for endangering their property. I was held in durance vile for two hours and then fined 40 cents."—Chicago News.

Used to Kissing.

They were in a magnificently decorated room. They approached each other from opposite directions. One of them was pale as a ghost, the other blushing red as a cherry.

Presently they met, and, careless of the fact that dozens of eyes were watching them, they kissed each other.

The meeting seemed to bring them perfect peace, but alas, alack! They had scarcely been side by side above twenty seconds when a man approached with the fire of battle in his eye. With cool insolence he raised the stick he carried, and then—oh, horror!—he struck a sharp, quick blow, and the pale one was sent spinning several feet away.

The other neither screamed nor fainted. There was no heartbreaking, no resentment, not even a murmur.

Billiard balls are used to that sort of thing!

A TEST OF NERVE.

One of the Ways in Which Indians Duel to the Death.

Among the Indian tribes the method of fighting duels differs. There are some tribes where a challenge to a duel means inevitably that both men must die. When an Indian feels aggrieved he demands a combat. The day for the same is fixed far in advance and is made the occasion of a little celebration. The entire tribe assembles. The braves sit in a circle, behind them their squaws and the young bucks.

The offended man is armed with a rifle or a shotgun. The challenged principal is unarmed. At a word both men arise and face each other, the unarmed man baring his breast to the bullet of his adversary. With eyes riveted on the little round hole at the end of the barrel pointed at him, the doomed man must face the protracted ordeal of expecting death at any instant without the least sign of weakening. The executioner may hold his gun as long as he pleases in order to try to break down his enemy. He may raise it and lower it or hold it steadily on the man under the frightful strain, but not even with an eyelid must the unfortunate betray his anxiety. At last the gun cracks, and the bullet speeds its way and the victim lies dying. The slayer hands the weapon to relative of a friend of the deceased and is put through the same ordeal.

BUILDINGS IN MINIATURE.

Architects Often Make Clay Models of Important Structures.

Although the architect is still the most important person in the planning of any big public or private building, he often depends on the model maker and not the draftsman to show his patron just how the structure will look when completed. The model maker, in other words, takes the architect's drawings and makes an exact counterpart of the building on a small scale in clay.

When a theater is to be constructed, for example, such a model is made with the greatest minuteness, and every detail is looked at from the point of view of the stage, thus avoiding the possibility that when it is too late some of the seats will be found quite out of range of the performance. In other buildings architectural details that appear excellent on paper are thus sometimes discovered to be inharmonious with the character of the structure as a whole and can be changed before the actual process of their construction has started. By the use of models, in fact, nothing is left to chance and everybody can express his objections before the work is too far advanced to make the necessary changes seriously expensive.

RISKY SURGERY.

Danger For the Doctor Who Inoculated Empress Catherine.

Inoculation against smallpox preceded the modern method of vaccination and was attended with a good deal of danger. Thomas Dimsdale was the foremost advocate of inoculation. He inoculated Empress Catherine of Russia. This was in 1768. There was considerable danger to life in undergoing this artificially induced disease. The czarina, therefore, arranged that during the whole course of the illness of her son and herself there should be relays of swift horses kept constantly ready attached to carriages all along the post road the nearest way out of Russia.

Catherine told Dimsdale that if bad symptoms displayed themselves he was not to remain to look after them, but to fly for his life without delay or compunction. She well knew that he would not be safe if she or the heir of Russia died in his hands.

She gave him an order of the most urgent kind from herself to the successive postmasters not to delay him for a minute on any pretext. Dimsdale received a fee of about $50,000 from the empress and other gifts besides.

Wearers of Cockades.

Cockades were formerly worn only by soldiers, which gave rise to the phrase, common both in England and France, "to mount the cockade," meaning to become a soldier. The black cockade worn on the hats of officers' servants was introduced into Britain by George I. from his German dominions. The real right to use it belongs not only to naval and military officers, but also to the holders of certain offices under the crown, such as privy councilors, cabinet ministers and judges, though many people who cannot claim to be classed under any of these categories display it on their servants' hats.—London Times.

The Sick Man and the Lawyer.

The sick man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property"—

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he. "Leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly.

"I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow; "you'll get it anyway."—Judge.

Why Johnny Ate Them.

Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up. Johnny Billus—Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma.

To Eat, of Course.

Grocer—Do you want apples to cook or to eat? Small Boy—Both. That's what we cook 'em for.—Baltimore American.

Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.—Carlyle.

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THE FORBIDDEN PATH

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"It's a perfect shame. Look at that lawn! Cut right straight across from the lilacs to the sidewalk, as if we kept a little chain gang of elephants trotting over it. I won't have it, Nell! I'll turn the hose on those boys!"

"Don't jabber over it, Kit. You'll only get all red and warm and fussy, and some one may hear you."

Kit scowled defiantly at the broad bay window of the house next door. The shades were lowered and the blinds half closed. On one window sill a plump tortoise shell cat dozed comfortably. Peace evidently reigned within, and it was the habitation of the enemy.

"I don't care who hears me. Whoever hears"— Kit raised her voice ever so little, just enough to carry over the tortoise shell cat. "They must know all about it anyway. How would they like it if we trampled paths all over their lawn day and night?"

"There comes one of them!" Nell paused in her sweeping on the little vine covered porch and waited anxiously. "Now, don't be huffy, sis."

Kit sat immovable in the dandelion starred grass and watched the coming boy with disapproving, menacing eyes. He was rather a nice boy to look at, too, somewhere around fifteen, and he whistled as he came along the sidewalk in front of the Norton cottage. There was a break in the low box ledge, made by vandals, but this vandal disdained it and added insult to injury by jumping over the ledge and boldly starting across the path.

"How do, Miss Norton?" he called cheerily. "Pretty hot today, isn't it?"

"Say, Dick McLean, we don't want you three boys tramping over our lawn." Kit spoke with dignity and severity. "It makes a regular beaten path all the way to your lines, and I think you could use your own lawn if you want to make a checkerboard on the grass."

Dick halted midway on the forbidden way and looked at its undeviating course of barrenness with interest.

"It does look queer," he said. "I'm awfully sorry we did it. When old Mrs. Tisdale lived here she didn't give a rap about it. It wasn't a lawn then. She just hung up her wash here, and she kept chickens too."

"Well, we don't," retorted Kit most ungraciously. "Ever since we moved here I've been trying to coax a real croquet lawn out of a wilderness of chickweed and plantain. We only had the hedge put in as a gentle hint to our neighbors"—

"You mean us, don't you?" Dick smiled down on her good naturedly.

"Yes, I do," granted Kit, "because it really was all the fault of you boys, and you don't care. You even jump right over the hedge."

Dick got over on his own side hastily. "Well, I'm sorry I jumped, Miss Norton," he said contritely. "And I'll tell the other boys to keep off, too. Goodby."

Kit's curly head nodded an unwilling response as she bent over the pansy bed again.

"He heard every word." Nell sat down on the top step and laughed.

"How do you know?"

"The cat went indoors, and she never does unless he is at the desk."

There was a pause, and the pansies suffered from too vigorous treatment.

"Well, I don't care if he did," said Kit finally, but her tone was lower. "If they don't stop it I'll put up barb wire."

It was not an idle threat, though it needed provocation to carry it out. Two days later, just at noon, a happy, leisurely procession passed over the lawn. Even Dick, the traitor, was leading and whistling in sweet forgetfulness, with a baseball bat over his shoulder. Kit said nothing. The point had arrived where mere wrath was futile. Early on Saturday morning she superintended the placing of her outposts of defense, and by the time that the boys appeared a neat array of barb wire strands were stretched along beside the hedge.

"It's all right for the boys," said Nell critically. "But what if Mr. McLean"—

"If he can't make his little brothers behave, then we will. It's bad enough living next door to a perfect old crank, on your summer vacation anyway, without being on intimate terms with him. Even mother says he's eccentric, and that means crank."

"He doesn't look like one."

"Well, he is, all the same. All writers are cranks, and the more successful they get the crankier they are, so Mr. Kirke Ross McLean must be a terror. And he doesn't write books, either; not real books. He only travels and writes; doesn't make up a thing out of his own head."

Nell did not answer. She was looking over at the cool, darkened bay window and thinking of the figure beyond the tortoise shell cat, a figure that, sitting at the broad, flat top desk near the window, sometimes turned to gaze over the hedge where the pansies grew and the croquet balls clicked.

"Just you wait," said Kit, following her glance. "Some day those boys will forget and take a run over that path and tumble in the wire, and we'll see a double twister turned."

Sunday evening supper was a matter of individual vagary and caprice so far as the Norton family was concerned. Molly went home after dinner, Mrs. Norton went upstairs for a cozy nap about twilight, and the girls usually took iced tea and salad sandwiches out on the porch, where they could lie in the hammocks, a book in one hand and a sandwich in the other, safely screened from prying eyes by the wistaria vines. The Sunday following the putting up of the wire the hammocks were occupied, when some one came along the sidewalk with a quick, firm tread and deliberately walked through the broken place in the hedge and across the path.

Kit gave a smothered exclamation and sat up, but before she could speak there was the sound of a fall at the barb wire guard, and the girls rose with frightened, yet half laughing faces.

"Hello!" called Kit gently. "Are you hurt?"

There was no response for a minute, then some one answered in a strange voice:

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind ringing our bell and calling the boys? My foot is twisted, and I cannot stand up."

An hour later Kit stood guiltily at the head of the steps as her mother and Nell came slowly from the house next door.

"Will he be sick long?"

"About a month before he can walk," said Mrs. Norton. "It is too bad. And he is a very delightful person to meet; not at all eccentric. He takes the blame entirely and says he is worse than the boys and that we were perfectly right in putting up the wire."

"That's what he said to you, motherie, darling," interposed Nell disconsolately. "He probably thinks that Kit and I are heathens."

"Barbarous heathens." Kit smiled wickedly.

"This is far from being a joke, Kathleen," said Mrs. Norton. "I am afraid you must do penance by being as kind as possible. Of course he is a—a"—

"Crank?"—

"A celebrity," corrected her mother. "We may find him out, but after this misfortune we must do our best to make him comfortable. I told him you would take turns in bringing him flowers."

"Well, I won't, motherie," said Kit flatly. "I'm sorry he hurt himself, but I'm not a bit sorry I put up the fence, and I don't want to be forgiven."

In the days that followed they could see the strong, patient figure sitting in the shady corner of the veranda next door. Nell carried the first propitiatory bunch of roses over to the enemy's country. She brought back a good report, and after a week of disinterested indifference Kit suddenly announced her intention of being flower bearer to his majesty. She found him a totally disabled, rather sarcastic majesty.

"So you're the young woman who set the trap, are you, Miss Kit? And you're not a bit sorry?"

"I'm sorry I came over to see you," Kit stood erect, very haughty, very sweet and very young. "I only brought the flowers."

"And you didn't expect to be scolded?" She knew he was laughing at her. "Please sit down. Don't you know I've been hoping *every day* to have you visit me and beg my pardon?"

"I won't do any such thing." She met his eyes defiantly. "You hadn't the least right to cross there, only—only I meant it for the boys, of course." Her glance fell to his swathed foot. "I'm sorry you were hurt."

"That will do very well." He was laughing openly now. "It covers the personal side for me, you see. You're not sorry you hurt me, but you're sorry I'm hurt. Please sit down and talk to a fellow, won't you?"

Kit hesitated, flushed wrathfully under his teasing gaze and took a seat on the hickory settee.

Four weeks later McLean took his first walk. It was a slow, tedious one from the veranda to the hedge.

"I came halfway for my roses today," he said to the figure in white beside the rosebushes. "May I come over the hedge?"

Kit did not even turn her head.

"Are you angry?" His voice was low and eager. "After *last* evening I was afraid you might *not* come again, Kit."

She turned and walked toward him slowly, the bunch of roses held close to her face. At the hedge she looked up at him, and the merriment had died from her eyes.

"I was just coming," she said softly.

His hands closed over those that held the roses.

"To say 'Yes,' sweetheart?"

"Look out for the barbed wire, Mr. McLean," called Nell from the sitting room window. "Kit still guards her forbidden path."

"All wires down!" called McLean. "It's the path of roses now. I claim the right of way."

The Hangman's Stone.

There is a large bowlder lying in a field near Foremark, England, which is known throughout Derbyshire as "hangman's stone." The exposed portion of the bowlder rises about six feet above the surface of the surrounding field and has a narrow ditch or indentation running across the top. The mark, so tradition says, was made in this way: A sheep thief in the dead of night, while leaning against the bowlder to rest, placed his booty above on the flat surface of the stone. The man had the sheep tied with a rope, and in its effort to escape the creature slipped on the opposite side, and the rope, catching under the thief's chin, choked him to death. The indentation in the rock was made by the friction of the rope while the dying man was engaged in an effort to extricate himself.

Why It Is Pleasant.

"Old Hunks is one of the crankiest and most disagreeable men I ever met, but they say he has a delightful home."

"Well, it's true. He spends three-fourths of his time away from it."—Exchange.

Very Sweet.

Husband (on his wedding tour)—I want rooms for myself and wife. Hotel Clerk—Suit? Husband—Of course she is—perfectly lovely; the sweetest girl in the world.

Green Old Age.

Mabel—And did your grandfather live to a green old age? Jack—Well, I should say so. He was swindled three times after he was seventy.

A man of worth is like gold—never out of fashion.—Mann.

It is a blunder to treat men without self respect as if they were your equals.—Success.

JONATHAN DORE

His Transformation to Savagery and Return to Civilization.

In June, 1746, Jonathan Dore, a boy of twelve years old, was told by his father, who was at work with other men in the field, to sit on the fence and keep a sharp lookout for Indians, who were suspected to be not far away. This was in or near Rochester, N. H. The boy sat whistling on the fence. The Indians all at once came in sight. He gave the alarm, and the men all escaped, but before he could get down from the fence the Indians seized him. His father saw him captured and carried off, but could do nothing. Eleven years afterward the Fort William Henry massacre occurred. Among the New Hampshire soldiers who escaped was a Dover man, who declared confidently that he had seen Jonathan Dore. He had often been at Mr. Dore's house and knew Jonathan well. He was sure he had not been mistaken in his identification.

When the massacre became general after the surrender of the fort, the Dover man ran for the woods and was closely pursued by an Indian. His pursuer gained upon him so fast that he turned at last and faced him to meet his inevitable fate. The uplifted tomahawk was just descending upon his head when he recognized amid the paint and feathers of an Indian the eyes of Jonathan Dore. The recognition seemed to be mutual. The Indian dropped his tomahawk at his side and walked slowly back to the fort.

Such was the story of the returned soldier, but it gained little credit. Two years later, however, Jonathan Dore suddenly made his appearance in Rochester after an absence of more than thirteen years.

He had been treated kindly by the St. Francis tribe, to which his captors belonged, had married an Indian girl, had acquired the habits and disposition of an Indian, and indeed had almost forgotten that he was descended from another race. He bore a part in all the cruelties at the taking of Fort William Henry. A white man whom he was pursuing turned upon him just in season to arrest the descending tomahawk, and then Dore saw a face which had been familiar to him in childhood.

Memories of his father's fireside and the happy scenes of his boyhood rushed upon his mind. His arm fell, and he walked back to the fort and took no further part in that horrible tragedy. From that time he thought continually of his boyish home, but his wife and children bound him to the Indians with ties that could not be severed.

Then came Major Rogers and his rangers, intent upon avenging the Fort William Henry butchery. Dore was absent in the field husking corn. Hearing a general discharge of muskets and knowing that an enemy was upon the village, he kept himself concealed and from his hiding place witnessed the massacre that followed. Then the village was set on fire, and after the flames subsided he ventured forth.

Among the ruins he found the bodies of his wife and children. He buried them in one grave and with them his attachment to the Indians. As soon as possible he made his way back to Rochester. He settled in Lebanon, Me., married again and spent there the remainder of his days, famous for his marksmanship, especially with the bow and arrow, and known to every one as "Indian Dore."

American Assurance.

Americans are not the most impudent persons on the face of the earth. Nevertheless on occasion they can give points to those of some other nations. A traveler in Korea was discovered taking snapshots of Russian soldiers and promptly arrested.

"Have you been photographing my soldiers?" inquired the officer.

"Yes, and I should like to take yours. Permit me!"

Snap, and the thing was done. The Russian laughed, and the two men fell into conversation, whereupon the American said that he had recently been in Port Arthur.

"Port Arthur!" exclaimed the Russian. "Impossible!"

"Oh, no; not impossible. Your compatriots escorted me in." And, pulling some photographs from his pocket, he added, "I took these snapshots of your torpedo destroyers, as they scooped down upon the little boat I was in."

The Russian looked from the man to the pictures with undisguised amazement. "Those are certainly our boats," he admitted.

"Perhaps you know their names and will oblige me by writing them on the backs of the pictures."

Like the queen of Sheba before Solomon, there was no longer any spirit in the Russian. Meekly he took the proffered American pencil and upon the American's prints write the names of the Russian torpedo destroyers.

The Unfinished Cornice.

Drop in any day and you will see the Rothschild mansion in the fashionable quarter of London often notice that the end of one of the cornices is unfinished. Every one asks why. The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known.

Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth.

The incomplete cornice upon the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets bent on amassing worldly wealth or going along with the madding crowd in the paths of folly, "This is not Lord Rothschild's home; he is traveling to eternity." We, too, should remember that we are travelers. Dean Stanley left as an inscription to be placed on his tomb these words: "The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem."

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California, are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tour st car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 316 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

SMUGGLING SCHEMES

TRICKS THAT ARE USED TO EVADE THE PAYMENT OF DUTIES.

The Part a Porous Plaster Played in One Big Diamond Case—Even Cotton Used in an Effort to Circumvent the Customs Inspectors.

The old special agent with the grizzled mustache took his cigar out of his mouth, regarded it critically for a moment and then said slowly:

"Um, yes; I suppose they have all sorts of new tricks and are constantly devising others, and I don't doubt that they succeed in beating the customs house officers every now and then. But they don't seem to be doing anything spectacular just now. Perhaps they're uncaught as yet.

"You know, these people who make a business of smuggling, and I mean the people who try to bring in thousands of dollars' worth of things at a time, are as keen as a knife blade. They're not ordinary people; they've got all the daring and ingenuity of the old time successful cracksmen, and it takes a mighty good man to get ahead of them. Sometimes the customs house people, even the special agents of the treasury, are dead up against it when it comes to dealing with this cool and clever class of crooks.

"Now, just let me give you an example of the astuteness of one of them at least. I will show you the sort of thing we had to deal with in the past.

"One day a cablegram reached the treasury department, signed with the name of a treasury agent in France, stating that a certain passenger on a certain steamer bound for New York had with him about $50,000 worth of fine diamonds which he intended to smuggle into the country. A full description of the man accompanied the notification as well as a general description of the stones. The steamer and the stateroom occupied by the passenger were noted, and we were warned that he might attempt to change his appearance by removing his beard, which was full and pointed at the time the steamer sailed.

"The most interesting part of the message was the statement that the passenger would probably have the gems concealed beneath a porous plaster spread across the small of his back. Therefore we were not to listen to any of his protestations of innocence nor to his eagerness to have his baggage examined in order to establish that innocence. We were to take him into his stateroom and undress him and pull off the plaster.

"We had much amusement over the cablegram and also at the new variation of an absurdly old device for smuggling, because time and time again dutiable things had been found wrapped in bandages which concealed supposed injuries. We also pictured the dismay of the man when we should get down to his skin, as it were.

"In due season the steamer arrived, and with it the passenger against whom we had been warned. There he was, and he had actually reduced his beard to a pair of thin side whiskers and removed his mustache. We inquired and found that he had made no mention of diamonds upon the declaration before the inspector.

"Before he had a chance to get ashore one of the special agents went to him and quietly asked why he had not declared the diamonds he was bringing into the country. He jumped as if something had stung him and then just as calmly stated that he had no diamonds; that we could go through his baggage, his pockets, anything he had. He said it was most remarkable to accuse him of such a thing, but he did not fly into a rage; he acted just as any innocent man would have acted under the circumstances. Then we knew we had to do with a good 'un.

"We wasted very little time over his baggage, although he bustled around with the keys at a great rate. One of the men finally said to him that it was useless to waste more time and asked him to return to his stateroom for a somewhat more complete examination. At this the passenger raised a great protest and declared it was outrageous to submit him to such an indignity. When we reached the room we asked him kindly to remove his clothing, saying nothing, however, about the plaster. By this time our man was at white heat. He said he had only come to the stateroom to avoid a scene on deck, and he refused to take off his clothing. Then he was told he would have to be taken into custody and would undoubtedly be searched.

"This further infuriated him, and he began a long rigmarole about being an American citizen, with rights and all that sort of thing, and we stood around and waited until he had finished. At last he cooled down a bit and even laughed, saying that perhaps, after all, it was best to end the farce by submitting. But he begged one thing of us, and that was patience, because, he said, he had been suffering for a long time with a severe attack of rheumatism in his back, and it was painful for him to get into and out of his clothing. He added that he had been able to obtain some relief from porous plasters and that he never went about without one on his back.

"About ten minutes later we got down to his skin, and there was the plaster, and, not at all strange to relate, it was uneven and wrinkled and quite lumpy in places. Just at this moment, the psychological moment, if there ever was one, we acquainted him with the contents of the cablegram which had been received from the agent in France, and you should have seen the look that swept over his face. The rheumatism apparently doubled him up in a minute. He began to groan and protest, saying that he must refuse to have the plaster removed, but his protests did not avail him. We took off the plaster and, of course, found the gems arranged in a pretty pattern work beneath it. And, I tell you, he must have suffered with his burden, because the stones were cut, and each of them had made a hole in his back.

"And that is the story of our taking at least $50,000 worth of beautifully cut stones from our wily friend."

The old man paused again and again looked at the end of his now unlighted cigar, and slowly he drew a match from his pocket and lighted it. As he puffed away he said:

"But that isn't quite all. Here's the best part of the story. We took the jewels, wrapped them carefully in a handkerchief and went away, very proud of the sagacity of the agent in France and of the ease with which we had carried out our part of the programme. We took the jewels to the custom house, and—puff—and—puff—when they were examined—puff—it was found—puff—puff—that they were—puff—glass."

The narrator cocked his eye at us and replied: "Yes, glass. And that wily person with the plaster had sent us the cablegram himself and brought in a trunkful of things, because we had not looked at all carefully through his baggage. Now, what in the world could any one do when he was up against a crook like that one?

"Now, doesn't that give you some idea of the people with whom we have to deal? There are lots of crooks just as clever as that one, and they're lying awake nights studying out devices by which to get ahead of the customs authorities. It wasn't so very long ago that we discovered a very pretty little scheme by which the government had been losing thousands of dollars of duties. It was in the importation of rare and costly laces from France, and it's somewhat humiliating.

"A rather careful tab had been kept upon the lace branch of the smuggling business, but it was found that many thousands of dollars' worth of valuable pieces were coming in under the very noses of the officials. And at last the method was found out by the horrible process of opening a dead body which had been shipped to this country to a small town in the west. Concealed in the body was a hermetically sealed canister, and inside this were found pieces of lace worth at least $15,000. You see, the smugglers, as we afterward discovered, had several times purchased the bodies of the dead in Paris, paying 30 francs for them, and within them had placed tin canisters containing the laces. The bodies were regularly shipped with death certificates and all complete and consigned to obscure persons in out of the way places in this country, ostensibly the bodies of relatives who had passed away abroad and were being sent home for burial in the family plot. It was scarcely reasonable to suspect that smuggling would be attempted in such a way, and indeed it was a long time before the authorities got track of it.

"Smuggling is a peculiar thing," he continued meditatively, "and it appeals particularly to women. There are many women—at least there were—who used to give the customs authorities no end of trouble. They were ingenious, too, and whenever we found a woman we already suspected the possessor of a small dog our suspicions were greatly strengthened. It is a fact that these women used to make use of the dogs to bring dutiable things into the country. Diamonds and the like were not infrequently found attached to the collar of a pet, and there is a story that one woman had an extra hide on her small dog, covering its back and also many yards of lace. Hollow toilet articles, brushes and looking glasses with false backs, even toothbrushes with the handles hollowed out, have been found."—New York Post.

Hired Relatives.

One of the curious national branches of industry which have grown to enormous proportions in Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, is the noble profession of "hired relatives," which undertakes to furnish to everybody in want of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, etc., the necessary persons to represent them.

Persons who desire to get married, for instance, and have no parents to figure at their respective weddings or who are in possession of such who decline to give their consent to the marriage of their sons and daughters need do nothing more than station themselves near the entrance to the marriage license bureau. There they will soon find themselves accosted by some "gentleman" or "lady," who for a moderate sum of money is willing to take the place of the absent parent.

For 20 lei ($4) quite a respectable looking father can be hired. Fifteen lei is paid for a brother, and a fashionably dressed mother costs the same amount. Investigation has disclosed the fact that some of these professional mothers have figured at weddings fifty times a year.

The Gibraltar Postoffice.

The public space outside the counters of Gibraltar postoffice is frequented by more races than any other similar area in the world. As the hour approaches when the day's letters are due from Algeciras, orderlies from each unit in the garrison gather to await their distribution, and one may hear from them samples of every home tongue or dialect from resonant Gaelic and voluble Welsh to the latest cockney variant of the king's English. Kilted highlanders may be seen cheek by jowl with grave Moors in flowing white robes, and khaki clad Irishmen alongside Moroccan Jews in gaberdines of mediaeval cut. Fiery Spaniards are there and cringing Lascars who have left their ships in the bay. Generally no two confront bustling Americans who are "doing" Europe and jog call for their mail during the hour or two they spend on the rock.—London Chronicle.

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